

MARCH 12, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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KENT is the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter... it gives the high filtration that helps you keep your smoking moderate. What's more, the Micronite Filter gives every KENT a clean, fresh taste—so you get the full enjoyment of fine, custom-blended tobaccos. When it's just a question of pennies, why settle for less than KENT—especially if you smoke a lot!



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B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express tires roll 160,000 miles before recaps for Tennessee trucker

WILSON TRUCK COMPANY, INC. of Nashville operates 200 tractors, 450 trailers and 60 pick-up trucks that haul general freight throughout the southeast and middle west. In an effort to obtain maximum highway mileage, the company tested various tires, including the B. F. Goodrich Traction Express.

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If you want maximum highway mileage at minimum cost per mile, see the Traction Express at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's (available in either all-nylon or rayon construction). Or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.



CASCADE TRANSPORT operates out of Wenatchee, Wash., hauling fuel in the northwestern part of the state. Trucks roll 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. The company reports all-nylon



Traction Express tires roll 155,000 miles before recaps, then with 2 to 4 caps another 100,000 miles. No wonder truckers call this BFG tire "the 100,000-mile tire."

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks or trailers



Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book



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combination*



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SPORTS



COVER: CH. TAEJON OF CROWN CREST

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

The champion Afghan shown on this week's cover is the recipient of 19 best-in-show awards, a record for the breed. Taejon has, in addition, gathered 72 best-of-breeds and 49 best-in-groups. These winnings have had the effect of consolidating the prestige of this hound dog, which was pioneered in the U.S. by the great Rudiki of Prides Hill. A report on the Afghan's winning ways in the home can be found on page 44.

Acknowledgments on page 44

An SI Special

34 A NEW SI WEEKLY FEATURE: THE OUTDOOR WEEK

For the hunter, fisherman and lover of outdoor sports in general, here are the up-to-the-minute reports from field and stream and camping grounds, based on weekly dispatches from SI correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas, and the FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR, plus pictures and news items of special and current interest. THE OUTDOOR WEEK, something entirely new in its field, is edited by ED ZEEN and TOM LINDEWEAVER.

37 SPECTACLE: THE GHOSTS OF SINDELFINGEN

The color camera of DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN captures fleeting visions of the strangely beautiful apparitions which haunt an ancient German town.

38 THE MAGIC OF MERCEDES

For 60 years the automobiles of Daimler and Benz have been creating and dispensing that sense of glory and adventure, of temperament and valor, on the highway or the race course which makes the sports car the exciting vehicle it is. Here is the story of their great tradition.

39 WES SANTEE'S OVERWHELMING SATURDAY

March 3, 1956 will be remembered in track history as the day Wes Santee won the Columbus Mile with the help of the Appellate Division of the New York courts. RAY TIERRELL recounts the latest chapter in Santee's run-sharp-race with the AAU.

40 MANG A MANG IN MARACAY

The great Dominicans, the great Giron—and a ghost—met in a Venezuelan bull ring last week to determine who is the greatest matador in the world. RAFAEL DELGADO LOZANO and MARK KAUFFMAN report the routing result in words and pictures.

33 LOUIE RADZIENDA'S BIG QUESTION

Will Governor Stratton appoint him to a third term on the Illinois baring commission or not? After seven months as NBA president, Radzienda has cause for worry. A report by JACK MARLEY and a desk portrait by ARTHUR SHAY.

41 THE AFGHAN: OARING AND A GANDY

He may seem a mazy with his long hair and Oriental topknot, but the Afghan hound is a dog combining unusual qualities of courage, dignity and grace. ALICE HIGGINS meets him at home, and SI presents drawings which show what makes the Afghan the swiftest-tipped speedster he is.

42 THE GHOSTS COME TO LIFE

Turning his camera on the reborn Mercedes factory, DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN shows the thoroughbred of the sports car world in gleaming color, while KENNETH RUDEN tells of the company's postwar boom, and factory diagrams discuss the greatest Mercedes of all: the 300SL.

43 CHICKENS IN THE ROUGH

That's what fighting cocks are when they go after each other. JOHN O'REILLY describes his ancient and often-discredited sport, and MARK KAUFFMAN shows its exciting action in brilliant color pictures.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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44 COMING EVENTS

65 THE 15th HOLE

66 PAT ON THE BACK

4 Hotbox: JIMMY JEMAL asks: Would Los Angeles support major league baseball?

46 Baseball: ROBERT CREAMER tells about the bright hope in the Boston Red Sox camp this spring—a hope that's spelled T-E-D.

43 Horse Racing: JAMES MURRAY reports a strange duality from California; while Terrano does the winning, all eyes are on Like Magic.

41 Tip from the Top: DENNY LAVENDER points out the importance of the hands and the line of the shoulders.

36 Ski Tip: FRIEDL PFISTER, U.S. Olympic team coach, reminds that now is the time to check skin and bindings so that you can finish a trouble-free season.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

- **BASEBALL:** The World Champion Dodgers go into action in the first games of 1956
- **BASKETBALL:** The great Dayton team in color and a roundup of the college season
- **HOCKEY:** An analysis of the season and a forecast of the Stanley Cup playoffs
- **HORSE RACING:** A look at some women owners, whose big year this may be
- **FISHING:** The fabulous Cabo Blanco club, reported in words and color pictures

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Darrell Royal, former Miss. State football coach, agreed to assume Washington hot spot vacated by Johnny Chaberg. Said Royal: "I'm bubbling over." His \$17,000 salary (\$3,000 more than Chaberg's) is one of the highest in game.



Duke of Edinburgh was elected president of Royal Yachting Association, the first time in more than 20 years that member of royal family has held post. Predecessors include King Edward VII, King George V, and King Edward VIII.

RECORD BREAKERS

Cocky Gasteljaars, 18-year-old Dutch swimmer, bettered Dawn Fraser's week-old 100-meter women's world record with 1:04.2 clocking at Amsterdam March 3.

Nancy Ramey, Washington Athletic Club's 15-year-old butterflyer, set world mark of 1:04.8 for 100 yards at Portland (March 3).

Bill Neider of Kansas tossed 16-pound shot 59 feet 9 1/4 inches at Kansas City, and Cornell's **Al Hall** whirled 35-pound weight 63 feet 3 1/4 inches at Ithaca, N.Y., over weekend to better previous undergraduate performances.

Dick Fadgen, North Carolina State swimmer, claimed American 200-yard breaststroke record of 2:21.9 at Chapel Hill, N.C. (March 4).

Deerfield Academy's 400-yard freestyle relay team bettered national prep school record with 3:32.5 clocking at Deerfield, Mass. (March 3).

BOXING

Julius Helfand, New York boxing commissioner, noted out-harsh penalties allowed under state law to London Sporting Club and officers Tex Sullivan and Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg. Helfand revoked promoter's license of club which stages St. Nick TV fights and fined it \$5,000, revoked Gilzenberg's treasurer's license and fined him \$5,000 and revoked Matchmaker Sullivan's license, after finding respondents guilty of eight "acts detrimental to the

interests of boxing ... and to the public." One charge, accusing pair of "conspiring with criminals," was dismissed because of insufficient "competent legal evidence." Sullivan gained restraining order from State Supreme Court, granting stay of execution until March 13 when matter will be tried.

John Holman, ponderous-armed Chicago heavyweight, made full use of 21-pound weight advantage, plodded to 10-round decision over Joey Rowan in Miami.

Carmelo Costa, second-ranked featherweight who is eager for championship bout with Sandy Saddler, showed little cause in split-decision win from Baby Vasquez at Madison Square Garden.

BASKETBALL

Iowa, giving-and-going to perfection on offense and bottling opposition with their right man-to-man, overwhelmed Illinois 96-72 to assume Big Ten lead.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee, the man without a status, competing under aegis of New York Appellate Division, toted to 4:33.8 victory in K of C Columbia Mile at New York. Most of Wes's fellow milers joined up in unusual "special" which was won by Ron Delany in 4:11.8 (see page 22).

Michigan successfully defended its indoor Big Ten title at East Lansing, outscoring runner-up Iowa, 57 9 10 46 7/10. Kansas won its fifth straight Big Seven indoor crown at Kansas City, and **Harvard** edged Cornell to take indoor Heptagonal

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Order of the Associated Press wireline polls. Team standings this week (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1—San Francisco (23)	1,162
2—North Carolina State (8)	776
3—Dayton (1)	743
4—Sichuan (24)	728
5—Iowa (7)	717
6—Louisville (8)	653
7—Illinois	627
8—Southern Methodist (2)	519
9—Kentucky (2)	228
10—UCLA	195

RUINNERS: 11—11, Vanderbilt 168; 12, Holy Cross (3); 13, EC, Temple 127; 14, West Virginia (1); 15, 15, North Carolina 105

Games for first time at Ithaca, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Rex Ellsworth's Terrang duplicated stablemate Swamp's 1955 Santa Anita Derby triumph, wearing down front-runners in stretch under Jockey Willie Shoemaker's urging to win \$128,500 race by a length and a quarter in a field of 18 (see page 42).

Eric Guerin rated Find smartly behind leaders over muddied Fair Grounds strip, took him to front at top of stretch for length victory in \$63,900 New Orleans Handicap.

Guardian II, Mrs. Amazon A. Bigelow's French-bred gelding who was completely ignored by bettors (they sent him off at 88-1) and handicappers (he toed 107 pounds),

FOCUS ON THE DEED



RIGHT OF WAY is undisputed by Flyweight Hernandez in Chicago Golden Gloves fight.



RITE OF SPRING is celebrated on Roy Campanella's winter-weight mustache by Pee Wee Reese.



ON FOOT, snowshoed Estes Kefauver stamps Northeast.



Jimmy Hardington, 40-year-old father of seven, mushed borrowed 12-dog team to first place in three 25-mile heats, won Alaskan Sled Dog Racing championship at Anchorage with overall time of 7:10:53 across a very slow course.



Willie Mays reported for spring training and met a question: Did it bother him to be compared with Brooklyn's Duke Snider? Said Willie: "I'm happy about it. Some fellows play for 20 years without being compared to anybody."



Katherine (Renie) Cox, 17-year-old skier from Port Leyden, N.Y., took seconds in downhill and slalom on the squally slopes of Cannon Mountain (Franconia, N.H.), won National Junior girls' combined championship (see page 56).

broke on top and led all the way to take \$64,500 Hialeah Turf Handicap from favored El Chama, who made bad too late.

FIELD TRIAL

Palamanism, white-and-liver pointer owned by Jimmy Hinton of Tuscaloosa, Ala. and handled by Clyde Morton, turned in seven beres of quail without serious error, won National Bird Dog Championship at Grand Junction, Tenn. Said one judge: "His performance was the magic quantsence of bird dog class."

GOLF

Shelley Mayfield of Los Angeles fired pair of birdies on final holes, took \$12,500 Baton Rouge Open with 277, three strokes up on field.

MILEPOSTS

1950—**Fred Merkle**, 67, major league first baseman (1907-26); at Daytona Beach, Fla. Merkle was haunted throughout his life by classical boner he committed which cost Giants 1908 pennant. Base Runner Merkle's failure to touch second in a crucial game with Chicago Cubs resulted in nullification of winning run, eventual victory of Chicago.

DIED—**Gustavus T. Kirby**, 82, "elder statesman of amateur athletics," member of all American Olympic committees since 1895, president of American Olympic Committee, AAU, IC4A, etc.; of pneumonia, at Belford Hills, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

HOCKEY

(Natl. Hockey League)

	Montreal	Toronto	Chicago	Detroit
1. Montreal	W 41, 1-12; 1-10 1-4			3-1, 3-1 6-4
2. New York	W 38, 1-10 1-4	Detroit	Boston	Chicago
3. Detroit	W 37, 1-20; 1-15 4-1	New York	Boston	Toronto Montreal
4. Toronto	W 32, 1-31; 1-12 4-1	Montreal	Detroit	Boston
5. Boston	W 30, 1-32; 1-13 2-4, 2-2	New York	Detroit	Toronto
6. Chicago	W 18, 1-35; 1-11 1-3, 1-3	Montreal	New York	

(Natl. Basketball Ass'n)

BASKETBALL

(Natl. Basketball Ass'n)

	Philad.	Rock.	Minn.	Sgt.	Best.
1. Philad.	W 42, 1-23 86-61	100-102	100-96	114-128	
2. Boston	W 37, 1-29 90-113	105-99	100-101	112-120	114-128
3. Syracuse	W 32, 1-24 98-92	94-98	111-106	106-102	111-118

RESULTS OF 50 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST	WEST	NORTHWEST	SOUTHWEST
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	S. Methodist 83—Boz 75	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68
Adams 74—Vanderbilt 65	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68	Boz 75—Northwestern 68



ON WAY to Garden record of 15 feet 5 1/2 inches, Villanova Vaulter Don Bragg twists legs up and over bar in New York K of C games.



ON HORSE, West and East poloists gallop in Florida dust in highest-goal U.S. match since 1939, West winning 11-6.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Would Los Angeles support major league baseball? (Asked in Los Angeles)



JULIE JULIANA



*Sherman Oaks, Calif.
Secretary*

"I wonder, I occasionally go to Wrigley Field to see the Angels play. Only a few hundred fans are there. That's Triple-A baseball. Los Angeles will only support big spectacles like the Rose Bowl game. It won't support a major league team unless it's a winner all the way."

MEL ALLEN



*Redford Village, N.Y.
Sportscenter*

"It can and will. While the fans don't support minor league baseball, great crowds flock to football and other sports. Los Angeles would give another miracle team to the majors. The big problem is the schedule and transportation. At the present time, lots of players don't like to fly."

CHARLES E. WILSON



*Washington, D.C.
Secretary of Defense*

"I would think so, because of greater Los Angeles' vast population. The tremendous interest I have seen in football during the annual Rose Bowl game would indicate countrywide interest in other athletic contests, particularly our national and popular game of baseball."

WARREN M. GORN



Mayor of Pasadena, Calif.

"Very definitely. Ours is the most sports-minded area in the world. Where else could you get a turnout of 1,500,000 at the Tournament of Roses parade, 101,000 at the Rose Bowl game and 40,000 at the Santa Anita Race Track, on the same day? We want major league baseball."

ELMER M. WILSON



*Los Angeles
Concert director*

"Certainly. Los Angeles is the world's greatest sports center. Our people live an outdoor life. Sport is their primary recreation. Greater Los Angeles has 4 million residents. We have filled the Rose Bowl, the Coliseum, the Hollywood Bowl and the Santa Anita Race Track, all on the same day."

J. E. RANEY



*Indianapolis, Ind.
International president
Kixxits*

"Yes. Los Angeles can support anything. It's one of the richest industrial areas in the U.S. The people love sports. I've never seen anything quite like the crowds that jam their way into football games and horse races. There's a void without major league baseball, and it should be filled."

DR. ALFRED L. GERNIE



*Pasadena, Calif.
President, Tournament
of Roses Assn.*

"I see no reason why we couldn't. We have gone first-class in every other sport. This sports interest would become even greater with major league baseball. I'll hazard the prediction that if the Dodgers come to Los Angeles they will double their attendance."

MRS. RUTH S. GARDNER



*Los Angeles
Realtor*

"No. There are too many new residents. Neither the city nor its inhabitants are closely knit. Our baseball fans think that baseball in the Pacific Coast League is major league baseball. They like to call it the third major league. But the Los Angeles Angels are dying on the vine."

RUBE SAMUELSON



*Sports editor,
Pasadena Star-News*

"Yes. The Rams-Browns pro football game drew 87,000. The same day 40,000 jammed the opening at Santa Anita, with about 30,000 returning each day. The Rose Bowl game drew 101,000. That's close to a half million in one week. The people, the money and the interest are here."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

ENJOY



THE



WONDERFUL



WORLD



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LEATHER

When at work, enjoy the rugged good looks and easy comfort of LEATHER. When at play, enjoy the natural fit and casual air of LEATHER. When theatre-bound, enjoy the starring role of LEATHER. When just plain lazy, enjoy the wonderful, deep-down feeling of LEATHER.

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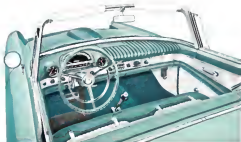
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You feel just a little proud when you pull up at a light. You know that your car's long, low lines are the most distinctive on the road. Interiors sparkle with new color,

And that new rear-mounted spare tire adds as much to the appearance of the car as it does to your luggage space.

These experiences are your everyday fare when you drive a Thunderbird. Why miss them another day?



HOTBOX

continued from page 6

BILL SCHROEDER



Los Angeles
Offbeat, Helms
Athlete Foundation

"Los Angeles will support any major sport. We've proved it by supporting tennis, golf, football and Olympic trials. The Olympic track and field trials of 1952 and 1956 were held here because they knew we could raise the money. And we did. We would love major league baseball."

HAL GARTNER



N. Hollywood, Calif.
Owner
Valley Garden Areas

"No. Los Angeles is too spread out. Any place you build a ball park will be out of place. The people are home owners. After a day's work they like to putter in the garden. Saturday games would pull, but one day isn't enough. The Dodgers would be a novelty, but only for a while."

NEXT WEEK

Why do you like the New York Yankees? (Asked at the Itami Air Base, Japan)

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



THERE'S NEVER ANY DOUBT about when the baseball season ends. It ends in a split second with the final play of a World Series—as it ended last fall when Hodges held a throw from Reese, nine Dodgers exultantly left their feet and 90 million fans across the country rose to theirs.

Nor is there any doubt about when the baseball season starts. Little more than a month from now, half a thousand players will take over the diamonds in eight different cities. Eight umpires will cry, "Play ball!" And once more the great national drama will be on its exciting way.

But it takes some getting ready for, hardly less by spectators than by players. So it's in this issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—as winter's sports move toward their finales, the snow melts on many cinder tracks, and fishermen look over their equipment with anticipation—that Bob Creamer sends the first of his weekly reports from baseball's training camps. It's part of the spring training schedule that *SI*'s editors have planned, as carefully as any coach, trainer or manager, to bring you to opening day in top condition for the first pitch.

Last week Gerald Holland let you bask in the optimism of the training-camp spectacle. And Robert Coughlan concluded his analysis of baseball's business world, which preoccupies both player and executive the whole winter long. These were early notes in a season of journalistic pleasures for anyone who recognizes the drawing above. Soon, through a new *CONVERSATION PIECE*, each major league's MVP, Yogi Berra of the Yankees and Roy Campanella of the Dodgers, will discuss the tricks of their trade together. You'll read an illustrated article on the art of baseball, designed to make sense to the casual spectator as well as to Casey Stengel. You'll see something you can get nowhere else: a 17-page section of *SI*'s own scouting reports and evaluations of all the teams in major league baseball.

And because there is so much to say about this game, *SI* will be saying it not only every week—but also in a special baseball issue, planned for the eve of the season, bearing on its cover the object illustrated above.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

BUCK SANTEE RUNS AGAIN • IKE HAS FUN, AND EXERCISES, TOO •
BOATING IS BOOMING • SHELLS IN THE SUGS • JOE BEAVER PLUGS
A FLAW • HOCKEY'S NEED FOR MINNESOTA • SONG IN A MINOR KEY

WES SANTEE

THE CURIOUS CASE of Wes Santee—a morality play which assumed the overtones of a Keystone Cops Comedy last weekend as Wes and officials of the AAU chased each other in and out of the New York courts—has dramatized the question "What is Amateurism?" as it has not been dramatized in a decade. The Santee dilemma made it easy to say that amateurism is a white lie and has been for years, and that an amateur is a fellow who doesn't get caught or, like 99.44% of U.S. track and field athletes, a fellow who couldn't make a nickel anyhow because nobody wants to watch him.

Last week, a file of ghostly witnesses—famous runners from the past—complained anonymously in the New York press that Santee was being jobbed. All of them said that most directors had paid them, too, for appearing in invitational events, that the custom was known to everybody in track (as indeed it was and is) and that the AAU had not only singled out Santee unfairly, but had punished him for a practice which the AAU itself had long condoned by silence. Most of the 12,000 people, and many of the athletes, in Madison Square Garden last Saturday seemed to agree. Santee was cheered vociferously as, having gotten his "lifetime suspension" temporarily lifted in the courts, he won the otherwise meaningless Columbian Mile. The crowd booed five other runners who withdrew (for fear of losing Olympic Games eligibility) and ran a special race among themselves. Listening, it was hard not to think that there would also be laughter in Moscow.

The AAU—a loosely knit structure of autonomous regional organizations—has the faults of its own structure. It is perfectly clear that not all of the

volunteer sports enthusiasts who fill the AAU's regional offices share identical concern for the letter of the amateur law. One of the top officials of the regional AAU in the Pacific Northwest, indeed, is none other than Torchy Torrance, the chief engineer of the University of Washington's hooster club which has paid extracurricular salaries to football players (SI, Feb. 26). If, however, some AAU people feel that increased expenses for track athletes are excused by the pressures of modern life, the practices of other sports, such as football, and the competition of state-subsidized athletes abroad, they have still not acted openly on that assumption.

And the fact still remains that Wes Santee, while ostensibly an amateur and while bound by the existing rules, did apparently stoop to subterfuge and did receive extra money for track appearances. The great majority of U.S. runners of his era did not. Not

all the ex-athletes who spoke up about the Santee case last week applauded him. A good many—like Edward T. O'Brien, who held the 400-meter national title when he ran for Syracuse University in 1935 and who was a member of the 1936 U.S. Olympic Team—referred with pride to their careers as amateur athletes, were outspoken in defending the amateur spirit.

"I ran in invitational events in the Garden too," said O'Brien, now a New Jersey insurance man. "I wasn't naive enough to believe that some of the fellows I ran against didn't get paid—I know they did. But I didn't. Neither did my teammate, Marty Glickman, and he was a good enough sprinter to go to the 1936 Olympics too. I know the fellows I ran with on European junkets didn't get anything above expenses—we were all too broke. These 'informants' who are defending Santee by saying they took money too, are

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Bobsledders back from their thumping defeat at the Olympics report they had the worst sleds at Cortina. The sleds which finished fifth and 19th were patched-up relics of the 1932 Olympics. But Art Tyler's brand-new four-man sled finished third.

Casey Stengel, looking over his spring crop of Yankee youngsters at St. Petersburg, also looked ahead to 1957, when he will be crowding 70 and "won't be here any more." The threat: retirement at the end of the 1957 season. The promise: to leave the Yankees with a team of young, polished veterans.

Kenneth St. Oegger, racing Henry J. Kaiser's 5,400-pound hydroplane *Hawaii-Kai*, survived with a broken leg and mere bruises when the boat flipped at 193.6 mph. The boat, now matchwood, was certain to beat *Slo-Mo-Shun IV's* unlimited hydroplane record of 178.5 mph.

Iowa startled Big Ten favorite Illinois with a 96-72 victory and so took command of the conference basketball race. Winners of other major conferences decided last week: North Carolina State (Atlantic Coast), UCLA (Pacific Coast), Utah (Mountain States), Alabama (Southeastern), Houston (Missouri Valley), West Virginia (Southern), Dartmouth (Ivy). Next stop for most of them: the NCAA playoffs.

Bill Russell, University of San Francisco's All-American basketball player, has a problem. Offered \$50,000 to play for the Harlem Globes next season, Russell would prefer "legitimate" pro basketball with the NBA. But, says Russell, "\$50,000 a year is exactly \$50,000 more than I'm making right now."

The return bout between Sugar Ray Robinson and Bobo Olson, set for April 20, is off until May 18 because of Robinson's virus infection.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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creating an unfair impression. I grant that track isn't 100% pure but it certainly is not in the shape they would have you believe it is. I don't think Santee should have expected anything from running but the satisfaction of competing and the memory of it in later life—to me, and I'm sure to most track men, that's quite a bit."

PRESIDENTIAL PRESCRIPTION

THE FAVORITE SPORT of President Eisenhower is by no means swimming, but these days swim he does—in the dogged way a man might take pills on doctor's orders. The swimming is doctor's orders and also in line with Ike's own program, "regular amounts of exercise, recreation and rest," mentioned in the radio-TV speech which told the country why he had decided that he was well enough to continue in the presidency for another term.

But Ike's sporting ardor is more for golf, fishing and hunting than for swimming. In the warm White House pool, heated to 86°-90°, he splashes about for almost half an hour at noon each day when he cannot escape the urging of Dr. Howard McC. Snyder, who added swimming to Dr. Paul Dudley White's more general instructions that Ike take reasonable exercise—as much as he felt like without over-tiring.

As to recreation, that is covered by bridge, for the most part. Rest involves a prescribed 90 minutes of off-the-feet repose at midday but Ike has sometimes whittled that to a half-hour.

So, while the President dutifully swims (he uses the sidestroke) and rests, he looks forward to golf, for which he needs no prescription. He may get in some golf at White Sulphur Springs, where he is to meet late this month with President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines of Mexico and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent of Canada. A trip to Augusta is in sight, probably starting April 9, immediately after the Masters tournament. And the greens and fairways at Burning Tree in Washington should be in good shape very soon. As a matter of fact Ike tried them out this weekend.

SALES AND SERVICE

THE OPENING of the San Francisco Boat Show March 2 was a promoter's dream. So many exhibitors begged for space that the show directors had to put up a huge tent covering the

entire sidewalk and street outside the main exhibiting area in the Civic Auditorium. And when the gates opened, 11,000 boating fans poured in the first afternoon to point at, walk through, talk about and frequently buy whatever caught their fancy.

The first item to go was a \$32,000 Chris-Craft, immediately followed by dozens of outboard motors—25- and 30-horsepower jobs with plenty of chrome trimming. Then the crowds moved on to the smaller motors, and when they had finished, they took a long look at the new plastic and aluminum hulls that dotted the floor.

This was the pattern of public interest the first day at San Francisco; and it was a pattern almost identical to the other big shows in Boston, New York and Chicago earlier in the year. It was the pattern that would set the buying trends for dealers for the coming summer, and the pattern that would go a long way toward determining manufacturers' volume of production for the next few years. As one manufacturer's representative put it, "The boat shows are where we sell the dealers. They see what they like and what the public likes, and then they buy from us. And those trends at the shows have a lot to do with planning our lines for 1957 and even 1958."

Here is what the dealers saw and did at the big shows this year: at Boston, attendance 160,000 (up 8%); Dealers' sales up 25%; with outboards the hottest single item. At New York, attendance: 225,000; gross business \$18 million, up 20% from last year with inboard cruisers accounting for \$6 million and outboards leading all other items in unit volume. Several manufacturers sold out their entire productive capacity for 1956 before the show closed.

The most impressive statistics came

from the mammoth Chicago show, where seven and a half acres of boats, motors, gadgets and accessories pulled a 16-day attendance of 240,500, including no less than 20,000 boat and sporting-goods dealers. No one cared to estimate gross sales at Chicago, but the Outboard Boating Club of America, sponsors of the show, reported that dealers had stocked up with the staggering total of \$45,300,000 worth of outboard motors. In other lines, plastic boats were up 79%; outboard cruisers up 113%; inboard cruisers up 78%; aluminum hulls up 33%; and the old stand-by, the sailboat, up 36%.

From these figures the experts concluded happily that the boating industry would do one billion dollars' worth of business in 1956. They also concluded that the billion would be spent by sportsmen who knew what they wanted. A Mercury executive probably summed it up best: "The customer knows what he is talking about today. He knows more about specifics. He's less price-conscious because he already knows what to expect for his money. Almost overnight the public has become awfully discriminating."

WORKING UP A LATHER

IN CASE you are wondering what has happened to the kind of college boys who used to swallow goldfish, here is your answer. They have been dumping



liquid detergent into indoor rowing tanks when the coach isn't looking.

Twice this winter the crews of eastern colleges have thereby had a real surprise when their oars began to pick up the stroke. Once at Harvard and again last week at Syracuse the water on each side of the stationary shells has frothed into what radio announcers call "a rich lather of creamy suds." After a few dips of the oars, the athletes have been buried in the swelling bubbles, rather like Hollywood maidens taking a bath in a De Mille movie.

Coach Loren School, who has just taken over the varsity at Syracuse, pretends he thinks it is a wonderful joke, but he and the other coaches aren't laughing when they try to drain the suds from the tank. "I tried to have a little fun out of it," School said through a tight smile. "I threatened to start a laundry and wash my undies and the boys' sweat shirts."



FOX HUNT

A pack of hounds had on the alert
Unearthed a rabbit's lair.

"Forget the fox," the leader bayed.

"Come on, let's split a hare."

—H. A. MACAN

There is one thing to be said for these two recent pranks. The students have come a long way in technique since the days at Cornell three years ago when the same trick was pulled on School with soap flakes. Nowadays any crew could know enough to look for soap flakes before practice. But liquid detergent? You just can't see it.

THE PERFECTIONIST

WHEN the California department of highways built a road fill across the middle fork of the Feather River near the town of Blairden last year, nobody watched the work with a more admiring eye than a beaver who was inhabiting the spot when the contractor's crews arrived. The quiet of the Sierra valley was horribly disturbed by their toil but as a dam builder himself the beaver seemed fascinated by the vast pile of earth dumped across his stream. The fill, furthermore, created a pool 60 yards long and six feet deep and the beaver—thus furnished with both free entertainment and free housing facilities—reacted not unlike a man who has just won a split level home on a television program.

Just before the fill was finished, however, the beaver—who has since become known as Joe Beaver, or that hunkety-blunk beaver—discovered that the highway department had made a ghastly mistake. The department's dam had a hole in it—the fill was pierced by a 36-inch pipe culvert which let the water from the small stream through.

So, in one amazing night's work, Joe Beaver plugged the pipe.

The next morning, the pond behind the fill was 15 feet deep, 50 yards wide, 100 yards long and getting bigger by the minute. Cursing amiably, the contractor's men cleaned out the pipe and carried the debris to a safe distance. The fill was duly turned over to the state.

Joe, who seemed astounded but undiscouraged by this vandalism, plugged up the pipe again. In the months which followed he became a major problem to Cecil Koenig, maintenance superintendent of highways in the district near Blairden. Koenig's highway crew spent from 8 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon in extracting the beaver's ingeniously contrived plug of brush and mud from the pipe and had to spend the same amount of time the next day destroying and disposing of another plug. After that, Koenig ordered a fence of steel mesh installed around the upper end of the pipe to

keep Joe away from it. The fence was effective for only a week—Joe tunneled beneath it.

The beaver was not in the slightest deterred by the fact that the materials he used for each succeeding dam were not only torn out but carried away to prevent his using them again. In his zeal to rectify the fill-builders' obvious mistake he not only gnawed through four-inch logs—and at one point a plank two inches thick and 12 inches wide—but lugged sections of them under the fence and stuffed them in the pipe. He wrestled rocks as big as footballs into the culvert, too, and finished his work off each time with a basket-work of willow branches, leaves and



mud which blocked the water like concrete. He was stopped again, temporarily, when Maintenance Superintendent Koenig hung a leaking can of creosote on the mesh fence in such a position that it would dribble its smelly freight on the beaver as he worked. But after a few days cold weather thickened the substance and Joe went right back to work.

Finally, after 20 dams had been built and destroyed, Koenig drove a series of steel stakes into the stream bed around the steel mesh to discourage burrowing. This and perhaps the winter cold seem to have thwarted Joe during the last two months. But spring

is coming. Joe, the highway department feels, has spent the winter in thought and, doubtless, in calisthenics. They know what he has been thinking.

MINNESOTA VS. U.S.S.R.

THE MYSTERY of Russia's sudden emergence as a hockey power was explained to some extent in Eveleth, Minn., a few days ago when heroes of the U.S. Olympic hockey team paraded in sub-freezing weather to the cheers of most of Eveleth's 6,800 residents. The residents of the iron-mining town stomped their feet and yelled their heads off as a 30-car motorcade carried the team through the streets.

And well they might have. At Cortina the team had won a silver medal, beat Canada 4-1 and lost only one game. That was in the finals, taken by Russia at 4-0.

That night, after the Olympians had whipped some local all-stars 11-1, Coach John Mariucci, a gruff, plain-talking man, had some words to say about the Russians.

"My God," his words went, "how they can skate. I saw a Canadian forward going past a Russian defense man in mid-ice and he was flying. But the Russian took off from a standing start and caught him at the blue line. Like that—pft."

But how did the Russians get that way?

"They've been doing it all their lives. Sure, hockey is comparatively

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new in Russia but bandy has been a big sport there since 1880."

Bandy? A sprawling first cousin to hockey, played with short clubs and cloth balls. Playing area is a frozen soccer field and there are 11 men on a side, no substitutes and 45-minute periods.

"So," Mariucci says, "when the Russians get to hockey, where the rink is only a quarter the size and where they have substitutions and time-outs, they think it's a vacation. If their games at Cortina weren't long enough they'd insult you by practicing starts and stops right after the game. And the Sunday morning after they beat Canada for the championship they were out practicing some more."

Mariucci figures the American team did as well as it did because its players numbered so many Minnesotans who had either played against Canadians or had benefited by playing on Canadian teams.

"I did say once that we're like another province of Canada," he concluded. "There were 11 Minnesota boys on the squad because they were the best we could find. However, we need more Minnesotans."

THE PIEDMONT PASSES

WHEN A HITTER fouled a ball back into the stands in the Piedmont League, the owner of the home team groaned aloud. Baseballs cost money (an average club spent \$2,000 a year on them) and in the Piedmont they used to figure things pretty close. So much for balls, so much for bats, seed to grow grass and a man to keep it cut—all those items added up and with a seat in the grandstand going for half a dollar (children 30¢), a ball fouled into the seats and pocketed by some fan could hurt a lot.

It was always like that, even in the old days. But in modern times, with good highways and everybody driving a car, it got real rough because there were so many more things to do in a small town than go out to the ball park. A fellow could go to the beach or the races or go fishing at the other end of the county. Night baseball came along and helped for a while, but then there were the outdoor movies, the drive-ins, and a fellow with a girl didn't care what was playing on the screen. Then there was radio and television and how could anybody persuade a fellow to take his feet down and put his shoes on and forget about the beer

in the refrigerator and come out and sit on a hard seat in a bush league ball park?

Frank Lawrence, the 64-year-old owner of the Portsmouth, Va. Merrimacs, saw the handwriting on the wall last summer (SI, Aug. 15). "We can't survive without help," he said. He charged that by the unrestricted broadcasts of big league games into minor league territory, without any compensation to the minor league clubs, the majors were "eating their young." He wasn't fooling. He brought suit against the commissioner of baseball and each of the 16 major league clubs for breach of contract. He asked for \$250,000 in damages.

The suit is still pending.

However, it turns out it won't help the old Piedmont now. The 36-year-old Class B league has turned up its toes. Last week Ben Campbell, the president, sent off a telegram to George M. Trautman, the head of the minor leagues, saying the seven members of the league (Portsmouth, Lynchburg and Newport News in Virginia; Sunbury, Lancaster and York in Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown in Maryland) were calling it quits.

Frank Lawrence doesn't think the old Piedmont will be the last to go: "Look at the record. In 1949 there were 59 minor leagues. This year there are only 27. Some more will fold."

It's the trend. There's not much a man can do. Except maybe drop in and see a minor league game when he can. And if a foul ball does come sailing at him, grab it and throw it back. If for nothing else, in memory of the old Piedmont.

YUK BY YOGI

Old or new, they were still laughing at this one down in Florida last week:

One hot night during spring training Yogi Berra was out for a stroll after the day's workout when he encountered Hank Soar, the American League umpire.

Yogi was dressed in a pastel shirt, white shoes and a trim white linen suit, and Soar was properly impressed.

"Yogi," said Soar in admiration, "that's a sharp outfit you have on there and you certainly look cool."

"Gee, thanks, Hank," replied Berra, "and I might say that you don't look so hot yourself."

SPECTACLE

THE GHOSTS OF SINDELFINGEN

A famous photographer discovers some strangely beautiful apparitions in an ancient German town

In Germany, the land which gave birth to the brothers Grimm and other spinners of fairy tales, almost every city, town or village of medieval age has its private store of ghosts and legends. They may concern the robber baron who lived in the castle now quietly crumbling on a hillside nearby; or the dungeon keep beneath the ivy-covered city walls; or the lovely daughter of the wealthy merchant who many generations ago pined away for love of the gooseherd's son. But no other place can boast the ghosts which Sindelfingen, an ancient Swabian town near Stuttgart, has today. They appear in full daylight, in bright colors and with a roaring sound, filling the old cobbled streets briefly with a vision far more familiar in different settings in many distant lands. Photographer David Douglas Duncan took their pictures with his color camera in Sindelfingen recently, and they appear on the opposite page and the pages following. For what they are and more about them, see page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN









THE GHOSTS: MERCEDES MAGIC

For 60 years the cars of Daimler and Benz have dispensed that evanescent quality that symbolizes glory and adventure

EVEN IN A LAND as old as Germany, Sindelfingen is an ancient town. It was first settled in the year 200. A thousand years later, in 1263, it was incorporated; thereafter, for more than 600 years, it slumbered peacefully, contributing no more and no less than scores of other small towns to the history of Germany and the world. But the ghosts that people it today are as contemptuous of time as science fiction, as unmindful of antiquity as a rocket engine, as familiar to the highways and raceways of the world as high-octane gasoline. They are the automobiles of Mercedes-Benz.

On the preceding pages David Douglas Duncan, using a stopped-down color camera and a long exposure, has caught their flashing, writhing beauty as they swoop through Sindelfingen's narrow, cobbled streets on their daily shakedown runs from the factory nearby. With it he has also captured the magic which the sports car has for those who love it: that evanescent, almost mystic sense of glory and adventure, of temperament and valor, on the race track or the open road. And this is a magic that Mercedes has been creating and dispensing for just about as long as the automobile has been in existence—to be exact, for 60 years.

The Mercedes family tree has twin roots. Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz, two early automotive pioneers, were the progenitors of the present-day line; but for three decades theirs were individual and competing firms. In their separate and collective history, successful racing is a strong and steady strain, from almost the very first cars right up to the present day.

In 1894 two Daimler-powered automobiles burned up the road from Paris to Rouen to sweep the Continent's first organized road race. Two-cylinder, 3½-hp jobs, they pushed their drivers home first out of a field of 21 vehicles of every kind of power from gas and steam to clockwork. Six years later, when Daimler started producing a 35-hp engine, the first Mercedes saw the light of day, by the grace of a millionaire's whim and his love for his dark-eyed daughter.

The millionaire was Emil Jellinek, an Austro-Hungarian diplomat. He bought 30 of the Daimler cars for 550,000 marks, named them for his child, Mercedes, and began marketing them in Europe. The name caught on and became famous; on the Continent, the Daimler cars became generally known as Mercedes. When Daimler and Benz merged in 1926 to form the Daimler-Benz AG, the cars which they produced bore the label of Mercedes-Benz and the now-famous ringed three-point star.

From the Paris-Rouen race on, speed records fell before the Daimler and Benz cars year by year. The most famous, and for years the fastest, was the incredible Blitzen Benz, a racer whose enormous, four-cylinder engine had a displacement of 21.5 liters and developed 200 hp. In 1910 Barney Oldfield bettered 131 miles per hour over a measured mile at Daytona Beach in a Blitzen Benz; and a year later, over

those same classic sands, another famous American driver, Bob Burman, pushed the monster up to a world's record of 141.7 mph which stood unbroken for 13 years.

While topping all-out speed records in the automobile's teething era, Mercedes and Benz cars were also racking up a string of racing victories from St. Petersburg in Russia to the Indianapolis brickyard. In the 1930s, the ringed star emblem was virtually a symbol of Grand Prix victories—notably in 1935, when the silver cars won nine out of 10 major races, and again in 1939, when they took six out of seven in the titanic struggle with their great pre-war competition, the rear-engined racers of the now defunct German Auto-Union firm.

With the coming of war, racing ended. The racers were garaged (one, with a 3,030-hp aircraft engine, designed to travel nearly 500 mph, had never even been used), and the full energies of the plant were directed to production of trucks, tanks and aircraft engines. Then came the years of bombing and destruction. In smoke and flame and rubble, the three-point star was buried. By the war's end, the Daimler-Benz AG was so thoroughly destroyed that many believed the name made famous over half a century of automotive history would never be heard of on the world's speedways again. If there was magic left, it lingered only dimly in the memories of men.



MERCEDES JELLINEK

**FOR A DETAILED MATERIALIZATION OF
SINDELFINGEN'S GHOSTS, SEE PAGE 49**

SANTEE'S OVERWHELMING

In an atmosphere of confusion a great miler scores two triumphs which could be his last

THIS IS THE STORY of a foot race destined to go down in track history as the Blackstone Mile—the only race in the memory of even the oldest AAU official (and not even the elephant has a more enduring memory than an old AAU official) in which the lawyers involved outnumbered the runners 2-1.

It is also the story of a day in the life of one man, David Wesley Santee of Ashland, Kans., and a day in the lives of a lot of other men, some of them—like Santee—runners; others coaches and officials and journalists and members of the bar. There were also a lot of just plain fans involved, and although they knew little of what was going on behind the scenes that day, they can be thankful for small favors; at the end they were not nearly so confused as the insiders.

The day was Saturday, March 3, 1956 and the real name of the race, of course, was the Columbian Mile, for 39 years a feature of the Knights of Columbus meet in Madison Square Garden and the last major indoor mile of the New York season. In years past it had been won by men with such famous names as Glenn Cunningham and Gene Venzke and Leslie Mac-Mitchell and—just a year ago—by the fastest miler ever developed in America, Wes Santee himself. For a while it looked as though the 1956 Columbian Mile might save an otherwise inglorious season during which a quiet-spoken Villanova student from Dublin, Ireland, Ron Delany, had dominated the indoor-mile events so completely that no one else had much fun at all.

On this particular Saturday night Delany was to have competition: as late as Friday his challengers included Santee; Jim Bailey, the Australian who won the NCAA outdoor mile for the University of Oregon last summer and was coming East for his first indoor start; Fred Dwyer, the little onetime Villanova distance star who won this event in 1953 and riotously dived Santee throughout the 1955 meets but, up to now, had been sidelined by a leg

injury; and George King of New York University, the ICAA two-mile champion who was perfectly capable of winning, even in such fast company. There was also a promising young runner named James Doulin of Manhattan, who certainly was not expected to win but could use the experience, and Ed Kirk, formerly of Georgetown but now in the Air Force. It was a truly exciting field and the fortunate few with tickets in their pockets were rubbing their hands with glee while others made a stampede to buy out the house.

TO START AT THE BEGINNING

Then, like a string of Chinese firecrackers, things began to pop all over and by late Saturday afternoon it began to look as though the Columbian Mile might not even get off the blocks. First, a New York court decided . . . but maybe that is not really the place to start—it all began much earlier.

Last spring Santee, freshly graduated from the University of Kansas and about to be commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps, accepted (demanded is the proper word, some believe) excessive expense money for running in a series of California meets and the story, with facts and figures, broke in a West Coast newspaper. Forced to investigate, Santee's own governing AAU body, the Missouri Valley Registration Committee, charged improper observance of the amateur code and voted on October 30 to suspend him indefinitely. This triggered a series of chain reactions that lasted throughout the fall and winter. Before it was over, the Missouri Valley Board of Managers reversed the decision and cleared Wes; the National AAU appointed a special committee to investigate and report on the entire matter; Santee ran in one indoor meet and was then advised to withdraw from others until a final decision was made on his case; the AAU suspended Santee for life, and the New York law firm of Cole, Grimes, Friedman and Deitz

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RY PERKIN



LONELY FIGURE OF WES SANTEE STRIDES AROUND TURN AS GARDEN FANS CHEER HIM ON

SATURDAY

by ROY TERRELL



AAU ATTORNEY Mahoney (left) and Judge McNally, who granted injunction, were both interested spectators at Gardnet.



SANTEE ATTORNEY Grimes wishes his client good luck and offers him some last-minute counsel before the Columbian Mile.





ADMIRING HORDE of youngsters besieged Santee for autograph from stands

after race, later trailed him through Garden corridors all the way to his dressing room.

SANTEE'S SATURDAY

continued from page 22

materialized to protect the interests of the United States' No. 1—and perhaps only—Olympic 1,500-meter hope.

We will take this to court said Mr. Charles P. Grimes. Sheer bluff said the AAU. As an amateur runner, Wes Santee is dead. And besides, added AAU Secretary-Treasurer Dan Ferris, if you do get an injunction and the courts do say Santee can run, who's he going to run against? None of the other boys is going to endanger his amateur standing in an Olympic year by running against what amounts to a professional—or at least they had better not.

But Charles P. Grimes had just begun to fight and 12 days later, on the Friday before the Columbian Mile, those readers who opened their morning papers to the sports pages were greeted by some rather startling headlines: COURT STAYS BAN, SANTEE TO RUN IN K OF C MILE. The attorney had obtained a temporary injunction from Justice James B. McNally of the New York State Supreme Court permitting Santee to compete. Of course there was a later hearing scheduled for Friday, March 9, to settle this thing once and for all but that was next week and—in the meantime—there was the Columbian Mile.

Now Ferris and the AAU had lawyers too, also capable of swift action. The ink on the seal of the restraining

order was hardly dry before the AAU asked a higher judiciary body to vacate the injunction. The hearing was set for Saturday morning at 10:30, so near the sound of the gun that would start the big race that advisers of Delany and Bailey and King and Dwyer and Doulin could hardly brush their teeth that morning for chewing on their fingernails. And down at the big Marine base in Quantico, Va., Santee boarded a plane for New York and his fingernails were a little worn, too.

Shortly after noon the door of an Appellate Division courtroom opened and out strode Grimes like Patrick Henry on his way to the Virginia convention. "Santee," and the golden words hung in the air like the ringing of a bell, "will run tonight." The court, it developed, had refused to vacate the injunction.

At that point the Columbian Mile was apparently all set. But at 5 o'clock a bulletin flashed over the wires: Bailey and Delany had withdrawn from the Columbian and would run a special match race instead. King, Dwyer, Doulin and Kirk were still ready to go.

At 6 o'clock the teletypes clattered again: King, Dwyer and Doulin had also withdrawn, to run in the Special. That left only Santee and Kirk for the Columbian. "My gosh," muttered a man watching the teletype, "they don't even have a quorum."

By 8 o'clock, Ed Shea, a former Northeastern runner now in the Army,

had been shanghaied out of the two-mile run to make the Columbian a threesome. "Wherever they finish, we're going to award both Kirk and Shea a big medal apiece," an official said, "for courage above and beyond the call of duty."

Gathered in a Manhattan hotel, track coaches had been having afterthoughts. The AAU had promised to respect the injunction, but what if the International Olympics Committee (for which read Avery Brundage and a parcel of foreigners) should take a contrary view—possibly knocking their boys out of a chance at the Olympics? But Avery Brundage, the stern conscience of amateur sport and president of the IOC, was out of his Chicago office, on the way in fact to Santa Barbara, Calif. by car and completely unreachable. So the coaches were on their own, the Columbian shrunk to a shadow, and the Great Mile Special of 1935 was invented.

Just in time, apparently. The teletypes finally located Brundage in Santa Barbara and bucked along his pronouncement: "If I were a runner, I would not be running tonight against Santee."

MEAN IN THE DARK

Many of the runners themselves, even after they arrived at Madison Square Garden that night, scarcely knew what was happening. Santee, who had left his plane at LaGuardia in midmorning, was sagely advised by the young Marine Corps coach, Lieut. Tom Rosandich, to stay away from the hearings and let the lawyers handle the law—Wes could confine his worries to running, which was enough for one day. So the 23-year-old object of the entire uproar wandered around town, talked to friends and rested for the big event. When he showed up for the meet and discovered what had happened, Santee was "shocked—but not too surprised. I came to run and that's what I'm going to do."

King was typical of the others. Even while warming up he wasn't exactly sure what he would do. "It's up to the coach," he said. "I'd just as soon run in the two-mile and skip this whole mile mess altogether."

There was a crowd of 12,000 in the Garden and when Santee first jogged onto the track in his white warmup suit, bearing the red and gold Marine Corps emblem, there was little doubt whom they had come to see. He kept warm with an occasional trip up and down the boards and in between shook hands and signed autographs by the dozens. When the call came for the

Columbian Mile and Santee was announced, the ovation of the ticket-holders was tremendous; when the rest of the field was announced—and the startled crowd was told about the special race—boos shook the arena.

The race itself was not much. Santee, starting on the outside, flashed around Kirk and Shea on the first turn of the 11-laps-to-a-mile banked track and lengthened his lead with every stride. When his blazing first quarter time was announced (59.2), a man high up in the stands shook his head gleefully and made a prediction: "He's going to show 'em. He's going to run his four-minute mile."

The man was a little optimistic. Although Santee continued to lengthen his lead steadily and although the crowd kept up a continuous cheer as he plodded round and round the boards, it soon became apparent that running from law court to law court was not the proper way of training for a record mile. Santee's other clockings were 2:02.1 at the half (some cheers) and 3:08.4 at the three-quarter (groans). When he crossed the finish line with Kirk and Shea some 100 yards back, the roars grew again. Even the time, a slow 4:13.8, was considered pretty good under the circumstances.

The Special would have been anticlimactic had it not been so much a part of the whole. The big crowd greeted the announcement of every runner's name with boos—even those of Dwyer, an old favorite, and little George King, hometown pet of the metropolitan fans—and reserved a specially loud one for Delany. But the pleasant young Irishman, who has gained nothing but admirers in this country among those coming in close contact with him and who sometimes will admit the surprisingly ill-mannered reception he receives in the Garden does hurt a little, just went out and ran his race anyway. "I am interested in neither the clock nor records," he has said before. "I just run to win." That is what he did.

Bailey led the first half of the race with Doulin and King and Delany taking turns trailing close behind. Dwyer, out of condition after his long layoff, ran fifth and last all the way until he dropped out on the seventh lap. Doulin took over temporarily and, as the times were announced—66.9 for the quarter, 2:12.1 for the half, the three-quarter in 3:13.0—the crowd began to boo again. At this point Delany moved to the front and only once was he threatened—when Bailey, making a last effort, moved up to challenge just as the gun went off signalling the start

of the last lap. But the Irish wrath took one startled look over his shoulder and then fled around the track as if the little people were after him, shoulders hunched, head bobbing, legs flashing in a last-lap sprint that took him to the tape 20 yards ahead of King, who got up in the last strides to take second from Bailey. The time: 4:11.8. There were cheers and boos.

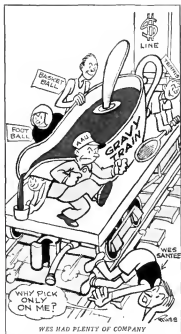
After his race Santee said, "I'm disappointed in my showing. I'm really in better shape than it looked out there. And then, of course, there wasn't any competition. But I feel good and I plan to run in Milwaukee next week. Right now," he added, "I'm going to bed. It's been a tough day."

Said Delany in his soft Irish voice: "I didn't know where and when I was going to run until Coach Elliott told me. All I can say is that I am very happy that Santee is competing again."

Said Lieut. Rosandich, the slim marine who has grown in stature and

gained friends—on both sides—during the entire harrowing affair with his quiet dignity and calm good humor: "I just don't know. I'm still confused. I guess it's up to the court hearing next Friday. As far as Wes is concerned, he can run a lot faster than he did tonight and—if he gets the chance—I think he's about ready to open up again."

But it had almost ceased to be important how fast Wes Santee—who once did the mile outdoors in 4:00.5 and once hoped to run 3:56—could spin. For to the crowd at the Garden and to millions of others, Wes Santee, right or wrong, had become a symbol. He was also a symbol to Dan Ferris of the AAU and Avery Brundage of the IOC. What amateur sport desperately needs to decide is exactly what Wes Santee is a symbol of. The question is rapidly becoming more important than one runner, one track meet or even the Olympics. END



EDITORIAL CARTOONIST of *Charles Esquire* reflects fast Santee case is related to problems in other amateur sport. (For additional exposures, see 19TH HOLE.)

MANO A MANO

The great Dominguín, the great Girón
—and a ghost—meet in the bull ring

by RAFAEL
DELGADO LOZANO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SALTSTEIN

OVER TWISTING MOUNTAIN ROADS, 60 miles from the capital city of Caracas, lies the lovely little Venezuelan city of Maracay. It is not easy to reach, not even easy to find on your map. Yet one day last week Maracay was the focus of the Spanish-speaking world—and of men everywhere who are drawn to the encounter of the matador and the fighting bull.

For in the world today two matadors stand together as the greatest. Never until last week had they matched their talents directly against one another in hand-to-hand (*mano a mano*) competition. Last week Spain's Luis Miguel Dominguín, 30, and Latin America's César Girón, 22, had an appointment in Maracay.

Their ages and temperaments whetted expectations. Dominguín was born, as Spanish-speaking people say, to silken diapers. He is the son of a famous Spanish family of matadors and bull-ring impresarios. When he retired, a multimillionaire, three years ago, he was the world's acknowledged *Numero Uno*. César Girón's diapers were old flour sacks. The son of a Venezuelan carpenter, he began life hawking peanuts on the streets of Caracas. But after Dominguín retired, Girón fought his way to the very top.

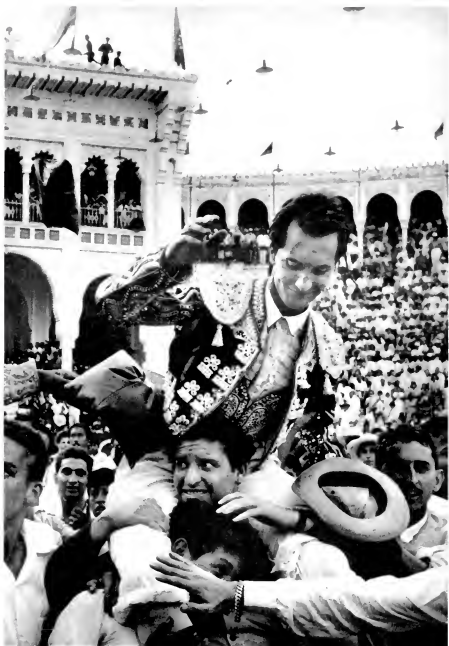
I had come from Mexico, two thousand miles away, to watch them decide which, now that Dominguín has returned to the ring, is *Numero Uno*. And, like everybody else within the confines of Maracay, I had come to watch for a ghost, the ghost of Manolete, the greatest bullfighter of them all.

Nine years ago Manolete was alive, 30 years old and the king of the plazas. The pushing young rival then was the 21-year-old Dominguín. In one bullfight after another, pressed by Dominguín, Manolete carried the fighting closer and closer to the bull's horns, anxiously trying to reprove something that had been proved a long while before, that he was forever the best. Then one afternoon at Linares, Spain, with Dominguín in the same ring, Manolete came too close to the horns. Next morning, hopelessly bleeding from wounds in his viscera, Manolete died, and cast the Spanish world into long mourning.

The hand to hand between Dominguín and Girón would have packed the plazas of Madrid, Barcelona and Mexico City with crowds up to 50,000. But, thanks to Venezuela's

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MANO A MANO

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prosperity, the test fell to Maracay, and its little 8,000-seat Moorish jewel of a plaza, patterned after Seville's Plaza de la Maestranza. By charging \$13 for the poorest seats and \$75 for the best, Maracay was able to guarantee \$30,000 each to Domínguez and Giron.

Tension built up as the Sunday of the fights approached. People waited for hours in the lobby of his hotel for brief glimpses of Domínguez, tall and imperious, as he glided off in a big black Cadillac to hunting parties on the ranches of old friends or returned in the evening for sleep. Sipping sherry with friends, Domínguez addressed himself to why he had returned to the ring. Money was the main reason; he used a lot of it. But there was something else too—the *pesos*, the worm that gets inside a man and brings him back again and again to the bulls. "As a matter of fact—" he smiled—"I never really lost sight of the bull's face. On my ranch I've fought them. I never really retired. You'll see."

César Giron, meanwhile, awaited the day in a house jammed with his relations, 11 of his brothers and sisters, two cousins and his parents. He spent long hours in hard training, up every morning at 7, a swim, then a game of *fútbol* tennis and a couple of miles of

THE AUTHOR

Rafael Delgado Lozano, for 11 years a *Time* line reporter in Mexico, began as a bullfight writer for *El Correo*, a Mexican sports paper. Nowadays he also writes about crime (low), politics (high), and art (sublime), but he regards all these things as issues apart from life's main concern—the brave festival. To this he brings the mystic devotion of the real aficionado.

roadwork. After breakfast he stood for hours in front of a mirror, practicing his passes. He complained that though he has adopted Maracay, the city has not properly adopted him. "They hoo me here," he said. "I had to go to Spain to be somebody."

They are very different, these two. Giron smashed through to success and pulled his whole family out of the gutter. He has a poor man's love of possessions. He talks for hours about his television set, his deep freezer, his Mercedes, Hispano-Suiza, Fiat and Buick. At a gas station he is immediately out of the car to talk with the attendant about the exact pressure that must go into his tires, the exact oil for the engine. He is jovial, shouts cheery "How art thou, my loves?" to girls who giggle or scream at him from passing cars. Domínguez would die first. He does not shout at girls. Women come to him, and if they are worthy of it he kisses their hands. He has not the slightest interest in what makes his car run. If it stalled, he would walk away without a glance backward. It is the difference, people agree, in their diapers years ago.

They are strange figures, dwellers in a land where death can come any Sunday afternoon after 4 and they lead lives straight out of grand opera. Domínguez was scarcely 24 when the Duke of Pino Hermoso in great agitation called on Generalissimo Francisco

ENDING A SERIES OF LEFT-HAND PASSES, DOMÍNGUEZ WALKS HAUGHTILY AWAY—BUT KEEPS A WARY EYE ON BULL SALEROSO TO HIS REAR



Franco to save his daughter from the wiles of the bullfighter who was, the Duke agreed, charming but a commoner. The generalissimo waggled a warning finger at Luis Miguel. For months Ava Gardner, who has a great feeling for bullfighters, followed Dominguin from one *corrida* to the next, later switching her allegiance to Girón. Meanwhile, when Dominguin's marriage to Lueta Bose, the Italian movie actress, was announced, Miroslava Stern, a Mexican movie star, committed suicide with a picture of Dominguin in her hands.

But in their lives Sunday always comes. On Saturday Dominguin went to the estate of a Venezuelan friend, don Alfredo Acero, outside Maracay. There on Sunday morning he went to Mass in the family chapel and then, stripped to swimming trunks and slippers, lounged around the house. Toward noon he went out for a swim in a stream on the Acero estate. It was full of neighborhood youngsters who flocked around for a near-by near examination of the matador's body. Dominguin obliged by describing in detail just how

and where and from what bull he had received each wound, then got his revenge by ducking as many of the kids as he could get his hands on.

Till well past noon Dominguin was calm, relaxed. His brother, Dominguito, once a bullfighter himself, came in from the seeting where the bulls had been divided between Dominguin and Girón. The two brothers kissed in greeting and Dominguito said, "You have a chestnut and two blacks." Dominguin shrugged and talked of something else. Not far away Girón was spending his morning in bed, joking with his brothers and sending them for more and more orange juice. Both men wanted people around them and light talk. Each belatedly if by chance he was left alone for a second or two.

At 2 o'clock the tension stiffened in both camps. Noises died down. A man singing on the lawn near Dominguin's window was harshly hushed. Almost unconsciously people began to whisper, and the matadors themselves, suddenly silent and strained, began the long and elaborate process of dressing for the fight. Dominguin stripped himself

naked and started pulling on and working smooth his rose-colored stockings. His valet handed him long white underwear pants, rather like the affairs worn by girls in the Nineties. Dominguin pulled them on and tied tight the ribbons just above his knees. Next came the *faleguilla*, the outer pants, skin-tight, all but iron-stiff and heavily embroidered in silver and black. Dominguin worked himself deeper and deeper into the pants, the valet first pulling fore, then rushing around to pull aft, then bending to smooth the cloth in a glove fit to the skin.

The only talk in the room came in grants from Luis Miguel. "Too loose," he said. "Smooth those wrinkles." The valet began helping him into his shirt, heavily laced and starched like a coat. Suddenly Luis Miguel exploded in exclamation.

A wrinkle wouldn't smooth down. He ripped the shirt off his back, tore it into two pieces and snapped, "Bring me another." The valet flushed red and looked as if he might suffocate. But Dominguin, calm again, continued

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AT THE CLOSE OF A SET OF BREATHTAKING RIGHT-HAND PASSES A PLEASED CESAR GIRÓN ASKS FOR THE CROWD'S APPLAUSE. AND HE GOT IT



MANO A MANO

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dressing. He spent long minutes getting his thin black necktie just to his liking, and then a tinkling sound filled the room. The host, don Alfredo Acero, walked in carrying a decanter of cognac and a trayful of coffee in demitasse. Now Luis Miguel was pacing, sometimes pounding the palm of one hand with the fist of the other. He sipped coffee and cognac, walked to the window and checked the wind, the bullfighter's worst enemy. Wind fluttering a cape can cause the matador to lose control of his bull, and increases the chance for a serious goring. Luis Miguel sipped coffee and cognac again and returned to the window. He had eaten nothing all day, lest the surgeons might later have to open his stomach.

The valet called him back to a chair and began to wind up a lock of hair at the back of his head to which he would attach the *cofrón*, the bullfighter's false pigtail. Once it was in place Domínguez jumped up and walked to a dresser on which he had arranged, row on row, more than 50 religious articles, pictures of saints, crucifixes, rosary

beads, medals. Places of honor went to the Virgin of Macarena, patroness of bullfighters, and to Jesus of the Great Power, patron of the city of Seville and of bullfighters. The valet turned, signaled with his eyes, and the little group that had been watching Luis Miguel dress walked out leaving him to pray alone.

A few moments later Domínguez rode to the ring. There was a long moment of extra anxiety. More than 1,000 people, some brandishing \$50 and \$75 tickets, were in pandemonium outside the bull ring, unable to get in. Twice the great doors of the plaza were opened to admit Domínguez's car and twice they swung shut before he could enter, lest the crowd rush the entranceway. Domínguez waited in the car, hitting his lips, until a way could be cleared.

Inside, the crowd overflowed the seats and spilled dangerously into the narrow circular alleyway that surrounds the fighting area. If a bull cleared the fence, as bulls often do, there might be slaughter. After a worried conference with Girón, Luis Miguel, as the senior matador, warned the official judge that he and Girón could not be responsible for accidents.

Then Domínguez turned to the two teams of helpers who were standing, hats respectfully off, in a little group. "You will try to keep the bulls away from the fence," he ordered. A murmured "Sí, matador" went up from the group. Outside, the band blared the first brassy notes of *Under Andalusian Skies*, the two-step that by tradition opens bullfights the world over.

THE CHESTNUT ONE IN THE SUN

Domínguez in black and silver, Girón in lemon-green and gold, strutted across the ring at the head of their squads of helpers, afoot and on horseback, both looking stern and withdrawn. Between them and a step or two to the rear walked a third bullfighter, Carmelo Torres of Mexico. He was the extra sword who, if both great matadors were disabled, must kill whatever bulls remained. They bowed in salute to the judge, tossed their dress capes to friends in the seats, who spread them out fanwise on the railings.

The crowd roared again and Domínguez saw the first of his three bulls, Castafoso, the Chestnut One, flash into the sun, head up and looking for trouble. That was the moment for which Castafoso and all the other bulls who were to fight this afternoon had been born for four years ago on don Manuel Labastida's Santo Domingo hacienda in San Luis Potosí, Mexico. He was ready for it. Running full tilt around the ring, the big tossing muscle atop his neck bunched tight, he probed the air with his horns in short slashing motions. Every skyward jab was a challenge, a signal, "Here I am. Who dares come against me?" To Domínguez's left a helper dragged his work cape along the ground, and Castafoso charged, charged straight.

His face suddenly all alight, Domínguez walked into the ring shouting, "Enough! Enough! Let him alone. Let me have him." He stood for a second or two, his work cape held high in his hands, biting his teeth into its collar in the traditional gesture, a classic picture, a memory for the fans to treasure. Then he took tight and wide hold, lowered the cape and called, "Mira, torito"—look, little bull, look, look. Castafoso whirled and charged, his feet spitting sand behind him. Moving the cape slightly, shifting his feet by quarter inches, Luis Miguel centered him as he came and received him with the great fanlike swirling pass, done low and slow, that is called the *reón*, basic to all cape work. It wrenched the first *ole* from the crowd.

The bull turned and charged again,

HIS TROUSERS IN TATTERS, DOMÍNGUEZ SALUTES DYING BULL THAT NEARLY KILLED HIM



and now Luis Miguel was cooing at it like a pigeon in passion, "Ha-ha-ha-ha, toro. Ha-ha-ha-ha, toro." Seven times in seven straight *verónicas*, each one closer and tighter, Luis Miguel drew the bull past him. Then he brought the charging animal to a stop, turned his back and walked away from it. The crowd sent hats sailing into the ring. His head thrown back, Luis Miguel shot a quick insolent glance at Girón as if to say, "Did you like them, young sir?" Girón stared back, his face showing nothing more than a polite interest.

Moments later Dominguin and Girón came briefly into direct competition, each in his turn trying to outdo the other in elegance in drawing the bull away after he had charged the picador's horse and been pic-ed. Luis Miguel, moving with a dancer's grace, drew the bull to him with three magnificent *pirouettes* (*chisneladas*), with the bull following a cape flaring out from his hips. He stopped the bull's charges with the cape wrapped around his body. The crowd screamed approval. When it was his turn to divert Castafloso, Girón chose a series of *verónicas*. They were able *verónicas*, fine *verónicas*, and they were applauded. But after Luis Miguel's performance of the same pass earlier, they seemed flat and uninspired. Girón walked thoughtfully back to the circular alleyway, leaving Luis Miguel alone with the bull.

Dominguin placed his own *banderillo*, a task Spanish bullfighters usually delegate to a helper, and the crowd, pleased, cheered him for it. With the first pair he met the charging bull on an oblique line, in a spectacular shock, but the barbed sticks were not well placed. He played with the second pair, showing them to the bull, forcing him to follow in short zigzagging charges. Then he put them in well.

You could feel the happiness in the plaza as Luis Miguel took sword and the small red cloth *muleta* in his right hand for the final phase of the fight. The bull had been well handled, was untired, still full of strength and valor. Luis Miguel walked in front of the bull, planted his feet on the ground and took him through eight passes, head and horns up, one after the other. He transferred the cloth to his left hand and put the bull through three superb passes (*naturales*), close, very beautiful and very dangerous. The crowd went wild. Luis Miguel walked away, let the bull rest a moment, then returned and sent him through four more left-hand passes. Still full of fight and power, the bull raced himself to his knees in one dash

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BULLFIGHTING BUDDHA, Dominguin relaxes in home of friends on Sunday morning. He is calm now. Late afternoon, the time to face the bulls, is still hours away.



WILL LOUIE COME OUT FOR THE THIRD ROUND?

by JACK MABLEY

NBA President Lou Radzienda's second term on the Illinois boxing commission ran out two months ago. His activities last year raised doubts as to whether he will be reappointed

THE OBVIOUSLY self-assured man on the opposite page seems to be eyeing a limitless and rosy future. Yet he is a man who can at the moment see little farther than the ashes on the big cigar he seems to puff so confidently. His name is Lou Radzienda and he is the important member of the Illinois State Athletic Commission, better known as the Illinois boxing commission. And yet Commissioner Radzienda is not the important anything, for his term of office expired two months ago. If he is thinking of anything at all, he is wondering if Governor William Stratton will reappoint him.

In the opinion of a number of people, in and out of boxing, Radzienda has good reason to wonder. His activities have excited a good deal of puzzlement and some concern ever since last September, when he accepted the highest honor of his career—the presidency of the National Boxing Association, the influential national body composed of representatives from every boxing commission in the U.S. except New York, whose members are prevented by state law from joining. Radzienda had been well known to his fellow commissioners in the NBA for his outspoken criticisms of criminals in boxing. In 1954, for example, he told them that if local authorities couldn't deal with the criminals, "the government should perhaps abolish professional boxing for a year or two."

But in his inaugural address Radzienda made a seemingly curious and incredible switch. "Let us expose the liars, character assassins, headline seekers, fiction writers and boxing haters!" he cried. "Most of the attacks on boxing and its officials . . . have

become unjustified." Radzienda rounded out his thoughts with a plea for charity for ex-convicts in boxing.

This right-turnabout by Radzienda all but shattered NBA nerves. It need not have. Had members scrutinized Radzienda's record and associations of the preceding few years, they might have concluded earlier that his term in office would prove to be something less than distinguished.

To look at him, the 40-year-old Radzienda is like any other dumpy, cigar-smoking Chicago politician. He was born back of the Union Stock Yards. His father ran a saloon for a while and later a grocery store. A generous man, Radzienda senior frequently "fed the street" during the Depression. Some of his neighbors became politicians—among them, ex-mayor Martin H. Kennelly, present Mayor Richard J. Daley and the late Secretary of Labor under President Eisenhower, Martin Durkin. Others, like Big Joe Saltis and Spike O'Donnell, became criminals. Radzienda junior got a good start. He boxed as a teenager, went to business school for a while and then went to work as an errand boy for the Catholic Youth Organization, where his knowledge of boxing and his real ability and ambition quickly carried him to the position of boxing coach and, eventually, athletic director.

In a word, his references were still excellent at the precise moment in 1949 when Adlai Stevenson, newly elected governor of Illinois, was faced with a vacancy on the athletic commission. Ignorant of boxing, Stevenson asked his Libertyville neighbor Lloyd Lewis, playwright, Civil War historian and

distinguished drama critic and sports editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, to recommend somebody. Lewis turned to Bishop Bernard Sheil, the director of the CYO, and the Bishop nominated his athletic director.

Radzienda applied himself to his new job with characteristic energy. From the start he put in a full day's work at the commission offices on the 17th floor of the State of Illinois Building in the Loop. He has never become chairman of the commission in name, but he is chairman in fact. Livingston Osborne, now 70, who has had the title during Radzienda's entire tenure to date, has a law practice to which he devotes part of his time. Johnny Behr, the third member, is able to devote even less time than Osborne.

For Radzienda, it was a natural step to the NBA. Formed in 1920 for "the furtherance of clean sport," the NBA has no official moorings, but it seeks to govern boxing nationally and member commissions follow its rulings more often than not. It is boxing's largest body. There are prestige and perhaps good political contacts in being its head. The president has the authority to approve or disapprove championship matches. He also has the somewhat dictatorial power (delegates could overrule him later) to suspend boxers and managers and promoters.

There is, however, no money to be made directly from the NBA, a fact Radzienda is quick to point out. In the seven years he has been a member of the Illinois commission, his style of living has hardly changed. He earns only \$340 a month from the commission, and his home, located behind his

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SETTLED BEHIND HIS COMMISSION DESK, RADZIENDA CONFIDENTLY PUFFS CIGAR

THIRD ROUND?

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wife's dry-cleaning store due south of the Swift and Armour slaughterhouses, is humble and mortgaged.

With his youthful face and knowing manner, Radzienda rapidly established himself as a man to watch in the NBA. He so impressed his fellow commissioners at the 1949 convention that they elected him to a vice-presidency, virtually assuring that he would one day be president. In 1952 he attached himself to George Barton, the dedicated sports columnist of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. President of the NBA that year, Barton was outspoken in his opposition to criminals in boxing. So was Radzienda. "All other sports are cleaned up," said Barton. "They've even got the thieves out of horse racing." Radzienda warned the NBA of "a phantom boxing commission ridiculing each one of us." Barton said, "Boxing needs a commissioner of the stature of J. Edgar Hoover." Radzienda added that a few managers were "getting filthy rich. . . . The same faces work most of the corners." The NBA commissioners cheered. In 1954, they elected Radzienda to the first vice-presidency. Radzienda told the NBA, "The United States government should go after the hoodlum element in this country when local authorities are unable to cope with the problem."

Thus it was that at the NBA convention last September the delegates, having just voted unanimously for a federal investigation of the "sinister hierarchy" in boxing, sat back with a certain amount of fond anticipation to hear their fighting crusader and new president, Lou Radzienda.

WHO SAID CHANGE?

In the wake of Radzienda's complete about-face, a shocked Barton resigned from the chairmanship of the NBA investigating committee. For the record, Radzienda denies that there was anything inconsistent about his actions. The probable truth is that the change was nowhere near as abrupt as it appeared. In the year prior to his elevation, for instance, Radzienda became a special beneficiary of the counsel of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). He was particularly close to Truman Gibson Jr., the IBC secretary and Chicago handyman. Even before his election, Radzienda was a frequent visitor to the IBC's Chicago office where he consulted with Gibson. He still is, and in turn Gibson is a regular visitor at the commission on meeting days. He is customarily given 30 to 45 minutes alone with the commissioners before the meetings are opened to the public.

If Radzienda was once shy about publishing his admiration for the IBC, he no longer is. He is fond of saying in

public, "Norris is a fine guy. Gibson likewise."

The fledgling president of the NBA and the IBC were perhaps never more kindred than they were last July when Julius Helfand, the New York commissioner, ruled that no fighter could sign for a fight in New York unless his manager was licensed. This ruling prevented a fighter from posing as a free agent while he divided his purse with his unlicensed manager. Radzienda's hand was forced after a number of NBA commissioners began to clamor for a similar rule. He convened a meeting of the executive committee and the committee voted to support Helfand on licensing managers but at the same time it permitted the *boxer* to sign for a fight in a state where his manager was unlicensed. "Sheer hypocrisy," Helfand said. "The committee might as well have held no meeting at all."

Radzienda's reply? Nothing at the time. But soon after he permitted Johnny Saxton—harred by Helfand in New York because he is managed by the notorious Blinky Palermo, who is unlicensed in his home state of Pennsylvania—to sign for an IBC title bout in Chicago.

Recently, another Radzienda connection came to light which hasn't exactly enhanced his reputation. Police, tracking down a nationwide betting ring, tapped the Chicago phone of one Mickey (Soldier) Farr. Among those Farr called: Al Weill, manager of Rocky Marciano; Louis Capparelli, a Chicago police captain; Diamond Jim Moran, a New Orleans gambler; and Lou Radzienda. Radzienda and Farr, in fact, talked almost daily.

Radzienda met the Farr disclosures with mixed emotions. Of the police he said, "They're tap happy." And of Farr: "Sure, I know Farr. Somebody says he's a gambler. I don't know he's a gambler. He used to be a promoter. He has business in boxing. And that's what we talk about—boxing. As far as I am concerned, there isn't a better guy. I know him . . . I'm proud of it."

Governor William Stratton took a dimmer view of the relationship. A man in Radzienda's position, he said, had no business talking with a man of Farr's notoriety, even if the conversations were friendly.

Stratton since has ordered an investigation of the Farr-Radzienda friendship. What his investigators have uncovered, no one yet knows. But the answer may very well be forthcoming any day now.

END



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

The authority of conservation officers is being challenged in a West Virginia murder trial, and deer are being shot out of season—with real bullets in Washington and drugs in New Jersey

TEST CASE

CAN A CONSERVATION officer shoot to enforce the game laws? A 67-year-old West Virginian named Elmer Anderson thought he could, and will stand trial for murder on March 19. On the night of November 18 last, Anderson, along with Keith Taylor, a

Consul William Bruce Hoff will seek an acquittal on the grounds that Anderson had the right to use all the force necessary in making the arrest. West Virginia conservation officials and sportsmen's organizations are backing Anderson. Whatever the relative merits of his case, the verdict will be of importance to those concerned with game law enforcement everywhere.

HONEST, IT WAS PINK!

THIS SPRING the California Fish and Game Department will strike its second blow for moderation. To learn more of goose migration habits, field workers will net birds in their Tule Lake winter quarters and dye them a variety of attractive colors. When the geese move, their northward flight can be plotted by the reports of horrified observers along the way. In 1955, the first year the department attempted this pioneering wildfowl experiment, the pastel geese were spotted all the way from California to Banks Island in the Arctic Ocean. Watchers sighted nine pink models, a green one and eight yellow versions pumping self-consciously along in the same flight. How many pledges were taken among the laity sober California game people fail to report.

FISH STORY

THE OTHER day Cyril Latta of Tweed, Ontario set his beaver traps, returned later to find one beaverless but sprung. In it was a 24-inch northern pike.

TROUBLE FOR DEER

DEER were under fire in two places last week, but the fire was of two kinds. Washington conservationists and sportsmen were protesting what they labeled a slaughter by orchard owners on the eastern slopes of the Cascades. Deer forced down by heavy mountain snow are a menace to orchards, and owners legally can and often must shoot to protect their trees. Conservation groups suspect, however, that a few orchardists are more

concerned with "target practice" than protection, else 111 deer shot in one orchard.

New Jersey has deer problems too, and is trying a unique—and imaginative—remedy. The deer herd between Titusville and Hopewell is so large that farmers can no longer plant unfenced crops. To meet this crisis the New Jersey Division of Fish and Game plans to shoot surplus deer with a drugged bullet, and an order has been placed with Merck and Co. for atychinase arsenate. This will be loaded into the jackets of 22 Hornet cartridges from which the lead core has been removed and the powder charge reduced 50%. Deer will be shot in fleshy, non-vital parts of their carcasses and, as soon as they have conveniently toppled over in a drug-induced stupor, field personnel will pick them up for eaging and transportation to deer-lean areas.

According to Lester G. McNamara, state game management superintendent, an injection of phenobarbital will quickly revive the transplanted victims on arrival at their new range.



ACCUSED OFFICER Elmer Anderson (right) is advised by chief, A. C. Buchman.

young officer just breaking in, was checking a tip from a property owner that someone was illegally hunting with lights. According to Anderson's subsequent account, they encountered a man and boy carrying, respectively, a shotgun and a .22 rifle. The man wore a carbide lamp on his cap. Concluding that the pair were jack-lighting rabbits, Anderson ordered them to drop their guns. The man refused, Anderson says, and raised his weapon and shouted: "I'm going to kill you." Anderson shot twice with his revolver and killed Clyde Tennant, a 28-year-old roofer and the father of three children. A police investigation cleared Anderson, but Tennant's widow later obtained a warrant, and the officer was indicted for murder by a Wood County grand jury. "There was nothing left to do but shoot," Anderson told an SI correspondent last week. "I am mystified by the turn of events. If I had failed to try to make the arrest I would have failed my duty." Defense



FREE MEAL

The Muscovy ducks' youngsters may hunt some day. But now, he just likes to feed them in Springfield's Forest Park. Fifteen years

PEACE FOR CRANES

THROUGH prodigious U.S.-Canada conservation efforts (SI, Nov. 21), the whooping crane population has been nursed back to a thin 28 birds. Last week the Canadian government announced a move to protect the newly discovered nesting grounds in Wood Buffalo National Park. No airplane will be permitted to fly at less than 2,000 feet over the nesting area. In spite of their inbreed, the Canadians warn, whoopers are "still on the critical list."

FISH BOX

Among recent noteworthy catches: a 9-pound LARGEMOUTH BASS from Lake Smith, Va., caught by John Elder of Norfolk. A 5½-pound RAINBOW TROUT taken at Montauk State Park, Mo., by R. B. Urban of St. Louis County (on a brown woolly worm). From Lake Tarpon, Fla., a 12½-pound LARGEMOUTH BASS by Glad Burton of London, Ky. A 6½-pound SMALLMOUTH BASS caught (on fly rod and Doll fly) in Center Hill Lake, Tenn., by Franklin Hines of McMinnville. From Exuma Sound, B.W.I., a 69-pound Wahoo, boated by Kenneth Deekhard of Columbus, Ohio.

TABS ON CATS

A HEAVY February snowfall has led A. Dean Coleman, superintendent of the Colorado Game and Fish Department's Fur Division, to predict a record Colorado mountain lion kill this year. Even without the snow, it was a likely guess. For five years the state's

roaflined on next page



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 27

lion bag has climbed steadily. Only 28 big cats were taken in 1950-51, a number which more than doubled to 64 in 1954-55. Largest cat killed so far this winter, a 185-pound 8-year-old, was shot in January by State Trapper William Kent of Beulah, a formidable lion slayer. During the same month Kent accounted for a 165-pounder, and one of his past trophies is displayed at the Denver Museum of Natural History.



BACON AND BOWS

Near Tucson, Tom Pisk prepares to draw on a javelina. During the special two-week Arizona bow hunt just concluded, archers downed 41 of these wild little desert pigs.

IN MEMORIAM

THE LATE Bernard DeVoto possessed a formidable literary talent and he used it with biting vigor in behalf of something he not only loved but believed had incalculable value to America—the great outdoors. Last week two conservation-minded senators introduced a bill honoring DeVoto, Senate Bill No. 3210, sponsored by Oregon's Morse and Neuberger, proposes to rename Idaho's Clearwater National Forest the "Bernard DeVoto National Forest."

THE CHAUFFEURED COON

RECENTLY a Florence, N.C. trapper named B. C. Duy tossed a gunny sack of live raccoons into the trunk of his car. Before long, one enterprising animal had escaped and wedged into a space between trunk and back seat. Day couldn't dislodge it, left the trunk open that evening in hopes the renegade would appreciate a concession

and go away. The following morning tracks distinctly led from the automobile. They also just as distinctly led back into the trunk again. The coon had essayed out to sample a bit of nightlife, but apparently had no desire to abandon its new-found mechanical den. For a week the baffled trapper chauffeured the coon by day and at night parked with trunk left obligingly ajar. On the eighth morning the trapper found the trunk empty. He hung around for a while but the coon didn't come back, and Day finally drove off, feeling relieved and a little lonely.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opens);
SC—season closed (or closes);
C—clear water; **D**—water dirty or oily; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VM**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WT50**—water temperature 50°; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

BLUEFISH: LOUISIANA: 5- to 8-pounders are hitting farther and plugging faster as you can cast them around the oil rigs of Grand Isle; one party on Charles Sebastian's charter boat caught 104 last week, and OVG.

NORTH CAROLINA: Troutmen off Cape Hatteras have been getting huge bluefish, and oldsmen predict cyclical return of big blue, last seen here in large numbers about 20 years ago.

BLACK BASS: VIRGINIA: Recent warm spell has kept on frost in coastal ponds and rivers, with fair action reported from Chesapeake River, and OG.

NORTH CAROLINA: Largemouths are beginning to show interest in live bait in most fresh waters of coastal areas. At other end of state, Potomac Lake sport says water is rising and so are bass; local experts favor muskies over bass, and fishing should improve steadily until summer.

NORTH CAROLINA: Most reservoirs in coastal area muddy last week but should be clear and providing fair sport now.

CALIFORNIA: FF and improving at Lakes Mead, Havasu and Mojave; weather is mild with softening winds and apr says this year's peak may come two or three weeks early this year.

FLORIDA: 25-acre Lake Morton in downtown Lakeland (two blocks from city hall) produced a 9½-pound largemouth and a 7-pounder last week; both took an artificial set. At Little Lake Harris, at Honey and Lake Tarpon, north of Clearwater, bass in 5-pound class are taking plugs and live shiners. On east coast, best bass fishing is in St. John's River near Doctor's Inlet, with spoons and plugs favored lures. As weather warms, fly rodmen look forward to excellent sport with popper, buzz and death-bait flies.

LOUISIANA: Cajun sport names Lake Frenchie in Terrebonne Parish, Grand Bay at Marksville and Calcasieu River as worthwhile bass spots, but says OG generally for hundreds of other lakes and ponds throughout the state; he recommends black-and-white wobbling spoon or candy-yellow plug for fastest action.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Spring is 22 months plentiful off Campbell River by schools of herring reported nearby and OVG. But Nanaimo Bay sport says FP; 2055 salmon spawning reports indicate silver and chinook (spring); salmon escaped worst of early flood losses.

WASHINGTON: Outlook for Markovouth Gramature chinook salmon depends on weather, but sport is improving generally. Limits to 23 pounds were taken in Selkirk waters last week, and fish averaged five pounds in the Rossland and Minter creek areas near Tacoma. FF and OG at Sinclair Inlet, Agate Pass and Seal Rock. In the Meadowdale region, steel and silver are top attraction with trolled light spoons or square-and-worm combinations producing easy limits.

CALIFORNIA: Most boat landings report FF and OF-G but fish were running small with nearly half the fish under legal limit.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Clearing weather and softening winds improved fishing and outlook last week in San Francisco area, with best sport reported from Antioch Bridge and Blind Point. Sport says 25-pounders are not uncommon, predicts peak fishing about March 20.

NEW JERSEY: Water temperatures still below 40° and may be cause for poor fishing since 360 March 1. Lots of bass reported in deep water off Barnegat Bay and off Parked River, Cedar Creek; also in Great Egg Harbor River and Great Bay, but OG.

MACKEREL: FLORIDA: Large school of king mackerel has appeared on the lower Gulf Coast and charter boats brought in more than 500 to Naples docks last week. Spanish charter boats are bringing in Spanish mackerel, indicating kings will follow soon on northward migration.

TROUT: MINNESOTA: 38,000 people invaded Monticello, Bearcat Spring and Bearcat River parks for opening of season March 1; FVG and OVG at all parks.

TENNESSEE: At Watauga Lake in upper east Tennessee, spawning rainbows to six pounds were running up Doe Creek, Roan Creek and Elk River last week and although stream season doesn't open until March 15, conservation officers were permitting fishing at tributaries below high-water mark of the now-low lake. More than 4,000 cutthroat trout were stocked in Willow Lake recently to determine if this popular western game fish would adapt itself to Tennessee waters.

MASSACHUSETTS: When 800 April 21 at midnight, new trout law permitting around-the-clock fishing goes into effect; biologists believe longer hours will provide better take of stocked fish. New State Director of Fish and Game Charles McLaughlin says ponds where dams gave way during floods will not be stocked despite demands by local sports fans, but although floods last autumn raised loss of most hatchery fish, total stocking for 1956 may reach close to one million legal trout.

NEVADA: FVG in Walker Lake as surface trawlers are taking catfishes to 12 pounds on wobbling spoons, and OG.

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: On northwest coast mudflats are moving out of fresh-water rivers and spreading along shallow flats of Gulf of Mexico; St. Mark's Lighthouse and Dog Island are favorite spots. Good fishing reported Myakka River (Punta Gorda) area and at Venice Inlet.

STEELHEAD TROUT: WASHINGTON: Nook-weak River, B. D. FVP indefinitely as storm also knocked out Skagit River after several fishing last week but Skagit clears quickly and should be pistol-hot when clear weather returns; current freshets should peak new rate into streams, providing good late catches. Quetsia River getting good run but Indians picking them off at mouth leave less for sports anglers. Green River once breaks. Forter Bridge and bright fish coming in on every tide. Chum-factory hole freshening when water shows 14 or more inches variability. Tokele River is good bet when water lowers; try small lures in swift riffles.

OREGON: FP in most waters but OF-G for North Santiam River despite rain and muddy water, fish being taken from 8th City to mouth of river.

IDAHO: Fishermen willing to battle ice flow to get to best holes and riffles on Snake River were finding fair action last week, and OG. On main Salmon River, mouth of French Creek and holes directly below were producing fish to 12 pounds at presstime, and OG.



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For Boston's Red Sox, it's a bright spring, a fine world,
a great season to look forward to. The reason is simple:

TED IS HOPE

by ROBERT CREAMER

SPRING is here, and with it the Boston Red Sox and hope. Hope for the Red Sox is spelled T-E-D. It stands 6 feet 4 inches high, weighs at the moment a bulky 224 pounds and swings a baseball bat as perfectly as a heering gull flies.

Hope stood in short left field in Payne Park in Sarasota, Florida last week, flopping around after fly balls and grounders, smiling, talking with this player and joking with that one, laughing, sweating under the sun. People watching practice from the grandstand looked mostly at the batting cage and the man currently at bat, but

eyes kept straying out to left field, and newcomers to the stands were nudged and told, "There's Ted. That's Ted Williams out there in left."

When it was near time for his turn at bat, Williams loped in to the batting cage. He dropped his glove, picked up the little red shin guard he uses to protect his left leg from fouls glancing down off his bat and leaned over to strap it on.

Joe Reichler, an Associated Press sportswriter, was on the other side of the cage.

"Hi, Bush," he said to Williams. Williams looked up from the shin

guard, his face alert, and saw Reichler.

"Hi, Joe," he said. He finished huckling the strap and walked over.

He stood leaning against the cage, making small talk, occasionally interrupting himself to comment on the action. Leo Kiely, the lean Boston left-hander, was on the mound. Williams indicated Kiely with a nod of his head.

"That guy there. He's as thin as a damn rail."

He shook his head as if in worry, like a parent disturbed by a child who won't eat. A batter hit a sharp line drive.

"Base hit," Williams announced approvingly. "Dandy."

A HARD SWING

Then it was his turn and he hopped into the cage. Bill Henry took over the pitching chores. Williams hunted the first pitch and took the second. He swung hard at the third pitch but missed it completely, grunting from the effort.

"Attaway, Bill!" he called out to the pitcher. Then to himself: "Same old Williams."

He popped one up, fouled one off, rapped two or three "base hits," then swung and missed again.

"How can you miss those?" he asked himself. He talked constantly while he was at bat, to the pitcher, to the catcher, to the other players around the cage. He set himself as Henry threw again. "I won't miss this one."

He hit the ball hard but on the ground.

"One more," he called out to Henry.

He topped it and it bounced off to the left. Williams jumped back into the batter's box for still one more pitch. He set himself, swung hard and hit the ball with a sharp *whack!* The ball towered high, high into right field and the outfielders turned to watch it drop beyond the fence.

Sammy White, the catcher, said slowly in open awe: "For God's sake."

"Nope," said Williams, walking briskly out of the batter's box and around to the back of the cage. "Didn't hit it good."

Somehow, it did not appear that he had entirely convinced White, who was still looking at the distant outfield fence.

The high regard that Sammy White and the other members of the Boston Red Sox feel for Ted Williams is not based solely on esthetic appreciation of Williams' great skill with a bat, though no ballplayer could watch Williams' hitting and not admire it. No, for



"You stand in this position, right foot forward, weight on left foot, one minute and 40 seconds and look at catcher, shaking your head in a horizontal motion from side to side. Then you wait another 10 seconds before nodding your head in 90° up-and-down motions before kicking your pants and adjusting pants legs around knees. This should take 30 seconds more. This is known as building up tension. . . ."

the Red Sox the presence of Williams in spring training means something else; very possibly the fulfillment of a frequently frustrated dream. Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees was, with considerable logic, named Most Valuable Player in the American League last year, but let no one tell you that any player in the league means more to his team's chances of success than Theodore Samuel Williams.

A "YOUTH MOVEMENT"

For four seasons now (this will be the fifth), the Red Sox have been pushing a "youth movement" designed to bring honor and quite possibly an American League championship to Fenway Park. It began in 1952. That year, with Williams away in Korea flying a jet for the Marines, the great Red Sox team that had fought the Yankees tooth and nail for years finally came apart. Lou Boudreau, now with Kansas City but then manager of the Red Sox, wasted no time trying to nail things back together. He ripped out the deadwood on the roster and replaced it with a cargo of youthful innocents: Sammy White, 23, Jimmy Piersall, 22, Dick Gernert, 22, Ike Delock, 22, Ted Lepcio, 21, Faye Throneberry, 20, Bill Henry, 24. White had played in four major league games prior to 1952, Piersall in six. None of the others had played an inning in the majors.

They were too green. One day they would look great, the next day miserable. It was fun for a while and pretty exciting, but then they began to lose, and they lost much more often than they won. Capable veterans like Mel Parnell and Billy Goodman contributed good seasons, but the final result was disaster: sixth place, the worst, except for the war years, that a Red Sox team had finished since 1936.

But if the results were disastrous, the feeling about the future was bright with confidence. The argument in Fenway Park went like this: "The experience these kids are getting is invaluable. By the time Ted gets back, they'll be ready, and with Ted we'll have a great team." More youngsters were added: Billy Consolo, Milt Bolling, Frank Sullivan, Tom Brewer, Tom Umphlett. Trades brought in Jackie Jensen and Grady Hatton.

But Ted never got back, not really. In 1953 he returned from Korea in time only for the last quarter of the season. He batted .407 and hit 13 home runs in that brief stretch. In 1954 he broke his collarbone on the first day of spring training, and before he was well enough to get back in the

lineup (he hit .345, with 29 homers), the Red Sox were hopelessly behind. In 1955, reluctant to sign a base-ball contract until the financial details of his divorce were settled, he missed the first 46 days of the regular season and once again returned to a team that was out of the pennant race (he hit .356 and 28 home runs). For three years the youthful Red Sox had acquired age and experience, but they finished fourth, fourth and fourth.

The fourth-place finish last season, however, had meaning. If earlier years had a gleam in the eye, this one was pregnant with the future. At the same time that Williams returned to the lineup, a catalyst named Billy Klaus—a journeyman infielder with eight years in the minor leagues behind him—took over at shortstop and jured the infield and the team into cohesion. The Red Sox came alive and raged through the rest of the season like the club the Boston fans had so long hoped they would become. From deep in the second division they rose high enough to close in on the teams fighting for the pennant.

A TRULY SOLID TEAM

Now, in spring training, the Red Sox for the first time in five years have a truly solid team. Late-blooming, youth-movement boys like Lepcio and Gernert and Throneberry are still there, threatening to burst into stardom, but this season they are supported by a brood of proven skill in the infield and the outfield. Catcher Sammy White is, after Berra, probably the best catcher in the league. The pitching staff, led by 18-game-winner Frank Sullivan, was superb last year and has been bolstered since by the addition of Bob Porterfield and Johnny Schmitz from Washington.

More significantly, Mel Parnell appears to be back in shape. Parnell, who averaged 18 victories a year from 1948 through 1954, broke his arm in 1954 (he won only three games all season) and injured his knee last year (he won only two). Last week, for the first time in a long, long while, he was throwing the ball with his natural overhand delivery. Parnell is almost too much. If he is indeed himself again, the Red Sox cup will run over.

Because, as any Boston fan will point out, beyond the solid infield and the brilliant outfield and the topflight catching and the deep pitching, Ted is there, too. And this year, for the first time since 1951, he'll be there right from the beginning.

END

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Awarded Fishery Academy Gold Medal 1955

A plucky plugger named Terrang won the Santa Anita Derby, but as usual nobody noticed him. The word is

WATCH LIKE MAGIC

by JAMES MURRAY

THERE WERE a near-record 18 colts on the track, the winner of the race had three times in the past four years gone on to win the Kentucky Derby—but before last week's Santa Anita Derby, not a horseman in habitually ebullient California was brave enough to come right out and say there was a Kentucky threat in the starting gate at Arcadia.

After the race, they weren't sure they didn't have one, after all—in the horse that finished fourth. Coming up from eighth place in the last quarter mile with an eye-opening rush, Like Magic, a full brother to Swaps, completely stole the show.

The race was won by Rex Ellsworth's Terrang, but that seemed merely incidental, judging from the excited horsemen's chatter. It is Like Magic who has set California's heart beating faster. Terrang, his stablemate, for all his winning ways is highly disregarded.

The story of Terrang at Santa Anita this winter could almost be tear-in-the-eye soap opera, if there were any sentimentalists around a finish line.

This plucky little colt, a nondescript brown-black who hangs his head like a panished dog between races, has done everything asked of him by his owner-trainer since he was first set on the track. He won two stakes, finished second in another and third in another, all the while giving away as much as 16 pounds to his contemporaries, no small task for a horse barely 3. The only time he was an also-ran, he had an excuse as good as horse racing excuses can be: he would have needed a scythe to cut his way out of the wall of horses pinning him in on the turn and in the drive.

Yet Terrang has still to have an audible good word said about him by either his owners or the press or, for that matter, the clockers or jockeys. No matter how hard he tries, Like Magic still eclipses him.

The first week of the meeting (on the last day of the year), he beat the best 2-year-olds on the track. But Trainer Mish Tenney shook his head. "If we got a Kentucky Derby horse this year, it's

Like Magic," he predicted. Terrang went on to prove himself the most consistent 3-year-old at Santa Anita by far. His reward was a chorus of yawns. "He doesn't look like a mile-and-a-quarter horse to me," said the *Mirror-News'* Bob Hebert. Others were downright scornful. "Ellsworth better hope Like Magic develops into a Derby horse," was the contemptuous opinion of the never-wrong clockers.

Before the race last Saturday over a mile and an eighth, Charlie Whittingham, a rival trainer, insulted not only Terrang but every other horse in the race. "No, I don't have a Kentucky Derby horse today, and neither does anyone else in here," he snapped. Trainer Whittingham might have been twice wrong. His Social Climber—a \$112 payoff in his only stakes this

year—finished an electrifying second and there were supporters holding their heads in anguish that Owner Liz Whitney Lunn had not nominated this Your Host colt for Kentucky.

On Derby day last Saturday, Owner Ellsworth and Trainer Tenney put star Jockey Willie Shoemaker on Terrang through no respect for the colt but "only because he's harder to handle than Like Magic."

But the public was not so bearish. Not caring a hang about a Kentucky Derby two months away, it cold-bloodedly made Terrang a 2-to-1 favorite—a rare tribute in a field so large that the starting gate stretched from infield to grandstand rail. And Terrang did not disappoint his public. Neither, however, did he impress his critics. Enjoying equal weight with his competition for the first time since he turned 3, he ran a methodical, businesslike race which satisfied the bettors if not the experts. He came out of the gate slowly but was soon stalking the flashy front-runner, Blen Host, a Your Host colt who behaved like one, with the doggedness of the inspector from Scotland Yard who knows his quarry is merely prolonging the inevitable.

The inevitable happened at the head of the stretch, and Santa Anita's Derby



was all over but the faultfinding. At the finish, even Jokey Shoemaker got into the act. "I was having to hit him [Terrang] left-handed, right-handed—everything I could to make him run," he complained.

The point was that, even if he was tiring, Terrang did run—as usual. But as he swept across the finish line to win a mere \$111,700 for his owners, it seemed they were looking right past him down the track. Their smiles were for Like Magic, who was finishing fourth.

BACK TO OBLIVION

In the pressbox afterward, Ellsworth and Tenney glowed—about Like Magic. "We were delighted," enthused Tenney—about Like Magic, even as they were peeling the chrysanthemum blanket off Terrang and letting him mope back to the barns and renewed oblivion.

Like Magic may well be the Ellsworth main chance at Kentucky in May. He did indicate his puppy days are behind him. That he was still two lengths behind Terrang at the wire may, indeed, be beside the point. "Anybody can see how a big ugly duckling like him [Like Magic] should develop," protested Miah Tenney after the race.

Well, someone wanted to know, hadn't Terrang run—all things considered—a more creditable race than Swaps last year? After all, Swaps had won his race by half a length in 1:50; Terrang had won by a length and a quarter in 1:51 on a track that was obviously slower than last year. "Swaps was only a half-fit horse this time last year," exclaimed Tenney. "Terrang is dead fit."

"Of course," added Tenney, who is shipping to Florida this week, "they tell me there aren't any Nashuas on the track down in Florida this year. . . ." But even then it was clear the faraway look in his eyes was for Like Magic.

After the race, Tenney and Ellsworth confirmed that they were going to fly a string of horses, including Terrang and Like Magic, to Florida Monday night. But even here, Terrang was upstaged by a stablemate: the electrifying part of the news was that Swaps might be the sixth horse in the consignment (the other three will be Lover's Aid, Barely Nothing and Afride). Did this mean there was still hope Swaps would challenge Nashua on St. Patrick's Day?

"There would be no other reason for flying him down," said Ellsworth firmly. Tenney remained silent. (END)

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From high Asiatic ranges where life and climate are rigorous comes an aristocratic animal who can be both

DARING AND A DANDY

by ALICE HIGGINS and JAMES MURRAY

THE exotic animal on the cover that somehow combines the look of a platinum baboon, the arrogance of an eagle and the languor of a cat—is a dog. But Tajon of Crown Crest, in the opinion of Kay Finch, his owner, cannot be called just a dog, any more than the Taj Mahal can be called a building, the *Queen Mary* a boat or Marilyn Monroe a woman. Actually, she feels, Tajon is a sports personality in the tradition of Man o' War or, for that matter, John B. Kelly Sr.—a champion and a sire of champions. Tajon has sired 12 champions, and this year's Westminster breed winner, Ch. Crown Crest Ruby, is his grandson.

Like all Afghan hounds, Tajon is a stranger—albeit a well-adjusted one—in a world he never made. For more than 5,000 years the Afghan doubled as a companion and a killer in the remote Asiatic country that supplied its name. No one knows exactly how the breed came to Afghanistan (some think from Egypt), but once there the hounds were used to course the gazelle and jack rabbit and even to hunt and kill snow leopards. Then, as now, they were not sent but gaze hounds of such exceptional eyesight that they could spot their prey at a great distance.

Transplanting the breed to the new

world has not weakened this inherent ruggedness. Some years ago a pet Afghan was lost in the Sierra Nevada, and by necessity reverted to a wild state. Nearly two years later he had some 15 cougars to his credit and a reputation among the mountain dwellers comparable to that of the Abominable Snowman. When finally captured, he was caged as a wild beast, but his owner recognized him from a radio description and hurried to the scene. Over the alarmed protests of the Afghan's captors, she walked into the enclosure, snapped a leash around his neck and took him home. During the trip the dog reverted right back, and on arrival he climbed onto his favorite couch, gazed sphinx-like around the room and settled down to sleep, sure of his rights as a family member.

The Afghan's adoption by European families dates back to the end of the First World War, although as early as 1907 a dog named Zardin was shown in England in the foreign dog class and created such stir that his presence was commanded at the palace by Queen Alexandra. Zardin became the model for the standard of the Afghan breed and after his death he was embalmed and placed in the British Museum for ready reference in case another hound

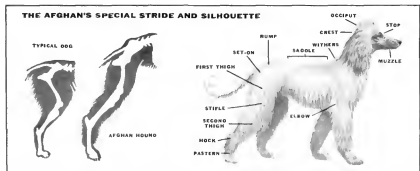
from Afghanistan turned up. A few did, but the breed did not become established in England until the 1920s when many hounds were imported by Major and Mrs. G. Bell Murray and their friend Miss Jean Manson, and Mrs. Mary Amps. His acceptance in the United States is due in large part to the brilliance of Rudski of Prides Hill (1937-47), the great American sire whose blood is present in practically every Afghan bred in this country and whose record of 13 best-in-shows remained unsurpassed until the advent of Tajon of Crown Crest.

Tajon is called Johnny by Owner Finch. At Corona Del Mar, where the Finches operate a ceramics shop and factory, Johnny sleeps on his mistress's boudoir dressing table and has the run of the house. In their native Afghanistan, Afghans like to perch above the ground (usually on rocks) with one clear eye on danger, and in a concession to the persistence of this instinct the Finches have surrounded Tajon's dressing table with a picture window. They often find him staring skyward at a drifting sea gull or even an airplane with the peculiar alert, predatory look that has so impressed judges.

The Finches, now grandparents, took up dog-breeding after their family of three had grown up and married. Their theory of dog-raising is that the animal must be treated as a precocious child, given happy surroundings and constant injections of confidence.

Tajon, it so happens, has the confidence of a river boat gambler with a stacked deck. "It's funny at shows," says Kay Finch, "but when Johnny comes in, the other dogs just wilt."

Because of the Afghan's eastern origin, many of them today bear names



THE BENDING "KNEE" of an Afghan, which to novices appears almost human, actually is an illusion created by a long,

relatively straight leg and a heavy draping of hair (trousers), as shown in drawing at right which identifies points of anatomy.



WESTMINSTER WINNER Rubi of Crown Crest was shown by Kay Finch at invitation of dog's owner, Mrs. Robert Tongren. Home in Connecticut, Ch. Rubi is called Fido.

which suggest the villains in Kipling novels. For most of her Afghan litters, Breeder Finch has puckishly combined occidental themes with tongue-in-cheek Kiplingese. For example, her "Wild West" litter, sired by Taejon, includes Devi Kikrokit and Jeri Jaimz. Her "birthstone" group (so-called because there happened to be an even year's worth—12—in the litter) include Dhiamon, Kristal and Rubi. Taejon himself is an exception to this method of nomenclature. Whelped in 1950, he was named for the Battle of Taejon in Korea.

A litter of 12 is in no way surprising for Afghans—the appearance of the puppies is. In most breeds the puppy bears some resemblance to the adult, but not so with the Afghan who resembles nothing more than an unhappy cross between a cocker and a mongrel. Having been impressed by mature dogs at show, prospective buyers have often left kennels in a fury, certain that an unscrupulous owner was attempting to foist off a mistake at a profit (the average price for a puppy of show caliber is \$250).

But as the puppy develops, his shagginess takes shape. The "monkey whiskers" disappear, leaving a smooth face surmounted by a silky topknot. The hair along the back, called the saddle, becomes short and smooth, and

a luxuriant coat springs out from the sides.

The true look of an Afghan, according to the standard approved by the American Kennel Club, should be that of "an aristocrat, his whole appearance one of dignity and aloofness with no trace of plainness or coarseness. He has a straight front, proudly carried head, eyes gazing into the distance as if in memory of ages past. The striking characteristics of the breed—the exotic or eastern expression, long silky topknot, peculiar coat pattern, very prominent hip bones, large feet and the impression of a somewhat exaggerated bend in the stifle due to profuse trouserings—stand out clearly, giving the Afghan hound the appearance of what he is, a King of Dogs that has held true to tradition throughout the ages."

Novice spectators at a dog show often find this bend in the stifle intriguing (*see sketch*), and thenceforth think of the Afghan as the dog that walks like a man. (The stifle is a joint in the rear leg that corresponds roughly to a human knee.) The characteristic swivel hip enabled the hound to negotiate with speed and handiness the difficult terrain of the Hindu Kush range, and although the greyhound may be swifter, none can match the Afghan at broken field running or over the high hurdles.

Mrs. Robert Tongren, owner of this year's Westminster winner, recalls a dinner party at which two of her dogs were present. The table was set, the candles ablaze and the guests were seated. As the dinner got under way the dogs began a game of canine tag. Suddenly the dog who was "it," seeing an advantageous short cut, leaped up and over the table, the assembled guests and the flickering candles, without so much as extinguishing a flame or touching a hair.

Normally, however, the Afghan is a dog of exquisite manners and passive charm about the house. Usually he has one spot he claims as his own where he will stretch out with languid grace, rarely demanding affection but tolerantly accepting attention. "The trouble with my dog," one owner confessed, "is that he thinks he is Madame Récamier." For indoor exercise, "Madame Récamier" occasionally strolls about the owner's home delicately sniffing the cat flowers. Although a large dog (27 inches at the shoulder for the male), the Afghan moves with feline grace and is noted for a low breakage rate of bris-a-brac. One of the very few annoyances connected with ownership of an Afghan is the problem of keeping his ears out of his food. This dilemma is successfully resolved by slipping a footless stocking over the dog's head. It is efficient, but at meals the dog has the peeled look of a Bourbon king without his wig.

Despite his luxurious coat, the Afghan has no odor and sheds only slightly. The silky hair comes out in brushing. Some owners collect this hair and turn it into a material that has much the texture of cashmere but is also much more expensive. A few owners who have combed assiduously are able to have and wear the same Afghan.

Part of the secret of the Afghan's successful adjustment to city life is his disdainful ability to go absolutely limp if there is nothing better to do. At a cocktail party in New York given by John Bowman, the host's Afghan, Cleopatra, not particularly caring for groups, settled down for a peaceful nap on a bed covered by the visitors' coats and furs. When the party broke up, a high-spirited guest substituted the sleeping Cleo for her stole. She was just stepping into the elevator when Bowman rescued his unprotesting Afghan.

This same agreeable dog occasionally is left with the hat check girl at fashionable restaurants. So far, the owner has had only one complaint. "Your dog somehow makes me feel very inferior," one girl told him. "She seems so above it all." (END)



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If the hands are brought that far behind the player, the left arm will be straightened, the shoulders will rotate and the hips turn—more or less automatically—and the golfer's weight will shift naturally back to his right foot at the top of the backswing. All a golfer has to concentrate on is getting his hands behind him, and the other correct moves are set up.

Most faulty swings result from the player's taking his hands up without bringing them sufficiently behind his shoulders and his head or, to say it another way, keeping his hands too far out in front at the top of his backswing.



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THE GHOSTS ALIVE

Ten years after World War II's destruction, Mercedes is bigger and better than ever

by KENNETH RUDEEN

THE SPEEDING ghosts of Sindelfingen take on their concrete form in David Douglas Duncan's photographs on the following pages. This is Mercedes today: the bright and gleaming sports cars which go through the final body assembly at the Sindelfingen plant, the 300SLs, the 190SLs, the magic come true. The fact that they exist at all is, in itself, remarkable.

In 1945, when the war ended, five Mercedes plants—in Untertürkheim, Sindelfingen, Gaggenau, Mannheim and West Berlin—lay in ruins. By the end of 1946 Mercedes had produced 214 cars. By 1948 it had risen to 3,812. Two years later, in 1950, workers rolled 33,960 units of all kinds off the production line. Two years after that, in 1952, Mercedes was back in the races again.

A seasoned band of professionals was in charge of the racing team. Dr. Fritz Nallinger was its boss and chief engineer. Dr. Rudolf Uhlenhaut, British-born, was its technical wizard in the development of the racing cars. And on the track, in his old capacity of manager of the drivers and mechanics, was Alfred Neubauer, the colorful martinet whose pear-shaped form had been as familiar on Europe's prewar raceways as the ringed star itself.

The first Mercedes to race again was a sports car. Fritz Nallinger concluded that existing designs for the supercharged prewar racers were unsuited for further development under the new Grand Prix formula. But in the sports car field, most of the necessary equipment was already at hand, and it was Rudolf Uhlenhaut who put it to use and scored the first great successes for the ringed star again.

Using the Mercedes 300S model with its six-cylinder, 150-hp engine as a point of departure, Uhlenhaut produced a light, three-dimensional tubular frame, canted the 300S engine on its side to permit a lower hoodline and stepped up its output to nearly 200 hp. A new aluminum racing brake

drum was added, with a cast-iron rim and radial cooling fins, and from wind tunnel work came an enclosed aluminum body of aerodynamic efficiency.

The finished car was named the 300SL (Super Light), and its appearance in 1952 signaled the ascendancy of the Mercedes star once more. Second and fourth in Italy's tortuous Mille Miglia, it took first and second places in the grueling 24-hour test at Le Mans and repeated that performance in Mexico's car-killing Pan-American Road Race.

After that campaign Mercedes quit racing again, partly to start the 300SL toward the assembly line at Sindelfingen, but chiefly to concentrate its efforts on the arduous task of developing a new Grand Prix winner.

Carburetors were discarded and fuel injection adopted as a superior means of supplying the engine. Daimler-Benz had helped design fuel-injection systems for the engines of the Messerschmitt and Focke-Wulf World War II fighters and the Heinkel bombers; before that the firm had had a long acquaintance with the diesel engines. A knottier problem was the design of a new valve system for the Grand Prix car. The goal was to employ the largest possible valves to produce maximum engine breathing. For a year a team of engineers worked on nothing else. They soon realized that the conventional valve-closing spring had to be done away with—there would be no place for a spring of the strength needed. So they brought up to date an old principle that was tested inconclusively by Mercedes in 1912 and used with indifferent success on a French sports car of the 1920s—the "desmodromic" valve system, in which the valve is coupled directly with its operating mechanism.

The problem was chiefly one of metallurgy and of designing a camshaft lobe correctly timed to push the valve shut. In solving it with the right alloys

and the proper camshaft contour, the engineers achieved all they had hoped for and more.

Opponents on the racing circuits were run ragged by the cars on which the valves appeared. Developing 300 hp from a 2½-liter fuel-injection engine—50 more than the long-standing ideal of 100 hp per liter—the Mercedes W196 Grand Prix car carried Juan Fangio to two world championships, sweeping five of six major events in the 1955 season.

On top of that, Mercedes won new laurels in the sports car arena with the 300SLR, a prototype model derived from the Grand Prix racer. After a record-breaking victory in last year's Mille Miglia, withdrawal while within reach of success at Le Mans because of the tragic Mercedes accident which took 87 lives, and another first in Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, the 300SLRs invaded Sicily needing one more victory in the rugged Targa Florio to snatch the world sports car championship away from the renowned Italian Ferrari factory.

The incredibly thoroughgoing way in which Mercedes approached the Targa Florio was typical of the firm's devout belief that winning races is 95% preparation and 5% luck. It is a belief that is carried out in the factory and on the racing circuits with an attention to detail unapproached by any racing competitor.

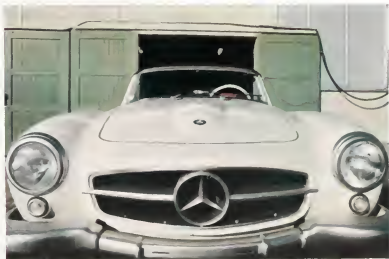
In support of the three official Targa Florio race cars, Mercedes brought along 12 more cars for practice, 42 mechanics, spare parts enough to build a complete car, wheels and tires in superabundance and four mobile short-wave radio stations for swift communication of intelligence to the Mercedes pit from vantage points along the course.

A team of experts studied the course with painstaking care, taking into account every variation in road width

text continued on page 58



A MERCEDES 190SL CONVERTIBLE RIDES ON CONVEYOR TRACK PAST BRIGHT-LIDDED BATTERIES IN SINDELFINGEN ASSEMBLY PLANT



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and grade, measuring exactly the length of each straight and the radius of each curve. Even the moisture content of the air was sampled before the data was calculated in terms of proper gear ratios and tire pressures and a precise pattern for braking and shifting the cars on a wet or dry surface. Where other drivers had to improvise in a dozen ways, the Mercedes team, as usual, began practice knowing what moves to make every inch of the way.

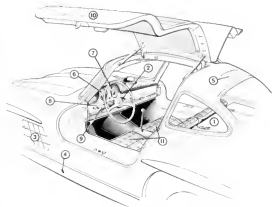
Mercedes needed a victory, and it was won (although drivers Stirling Moss and Peter Collins each took an unpremeditated spin off the road before receiving the checkered flag), and with it, by the margin of a single point, the sports car championship.

Having proved its racing preeminence and achieved publicity of incalculable value for its entire manufacturing line, Daimler-Benz retired from racing again and settled down to tend its workaday, bread-and-butter business. And it has been a very good business indeed.

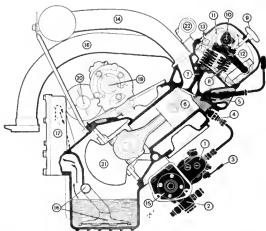
Within the last 10 years, through 1955, Daimler-Benz produced more than 400,000 vehicles, of which nearly 300,000 were passenger cars and the rest commercial machines: trucks, buses, fire-fighting equipment and a revolutionary general-purpose vehicle called the UNIMOG. The initial post-war Mercedes work force of 38 repair men in 1945 has been boosted to over 40,000 today.

Last year was the best ever for Daimler-Benz. Already first among German automotive manufacturers in value of production, the firm turned out 64,000 passenger cars and 29,000 commercial units. Sales jumped to \$330 million, a 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ % increase over 1954, and vital export sales advanced from \$85 million in 1954 to more than \$120 million as vehicles bearing the ringed star penetrated 126 countries.

The most glamorous of these by far are the sports cars, the 300SL and the new 190SL. The one a superb example of the Gran Turismo type, its smaller counterpart primarily a high-performance touring sports car, they are the dispensers of the magic, the proudest bearers of the Mercedes emblem today. Perhaps the greatest tribute paid to them is the fact that on the streets of Sindelfingen, where they are as much a part of the daily scene as the *hausfrau's* laundry hanging on the line, heads still turn to follow them as they pass by.



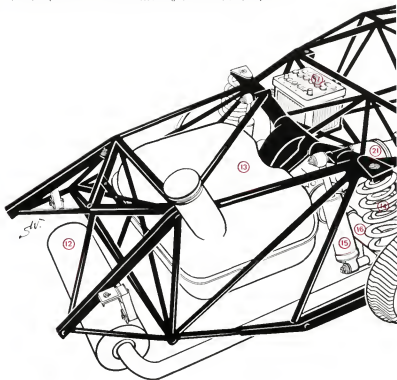
GULL-WING DOOR (10) characterizes a machine that combines functionalism and luxury. Other features: 1: fitted three-spoke race (optional); 2: knob (hidden) to tuck down steering wheel for easier entrance; 3: gill-like air vents for engine; 4: jacking point, raises front and rear wheels; 5: vents to relieve interior pressure at high speeds; 6: rpm dial; 7: speedometer; 8: fuel gauge; 9: oil pressure gauge; 11: adjustable bucket seats.



CANTED ENGINE permits lower hood. Its details: 1: fuel injection pump; 2: fueling pump; 3: fuel flow regulator; 4: fuel injection nozzle; 5: spark plug; 6: piston; 7: inlet valve; 8: exhaust valve; 9: camshaft cover securing screw; 10: camshaft; 11: camshaft bearing; 12: valve rocker arm; 13: cylinder head bolts; 14: air intake manifold; 15: oil pump; 16: oil circulating system; 17: crankcase air vent; 18: exhaust manifold; 19: generator; 20: starter; 21: crankshaft; 22: coolant pipe. The 300SL engine peaks at 6,300 rpm.

LIGHTNESS + POWER = SPEED

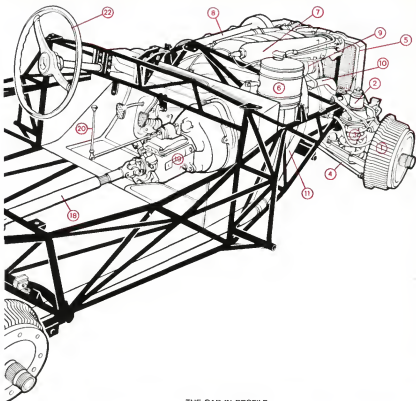
Beneath the thin and streamlined skin of the 300SL is a tubular steel frame, longitudinally stressed, providing maximum rigidity and minimum weight which, with the 240-hp engine, makes for an outstanding power-weight ratio. The entire chassis weighs 2,040 pounds, with a curb weight (including the spare wheel, tools and fuel) of 2,855 pounds and a maximum total weight, with load, of 3,340 pounds.



THE CHASSIS IN ENGINEERING DETAIL

Racing car principles characterize the engineering of the 300SL: 1) finned aluminum brake drums, with self-adjusting, power-boosted brakes; 2) shock absorbers; 3) independent coil suspension springs; 4) steering arm; 5) dual radiator for oil cooling on right, water coolant on left; 6) four-gallon engine coolant tank; 7) air-intake system; 8) camshaft cover; 9) generator; 10) coolant

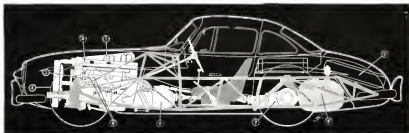
pipe to radiator; 11) exhaust pipe; 12) muffler; 13) fuel tank for 34.3 gallons; 14) double coil, independent rear springs; 15) rear shock absorbers; 16) swing arm; 17) 12-volt battery; 18) drive shaft; 19) four-speed synchromesh transmission; 20) gearshift lever; 21) differential; 22) steering wheel, collapsible for easier access. Double springs plus swing axles are exclusive with Mercedes.



THE CAR IN PROFILE

Belly-panned and streamlined, the 330SL is designed for minimum drag and maximum roadability. In this drawing, the low hood line made possible by canted engine is clearly evident

Numbers indicate: 1) air intake system; 2) camshaft cover; 3) distributor; 4) dual radiator; 5) fuel injection nozzles (two indicated); 6) gearbox; 7) differential; 8) fuel tank; 9) spare tire.



SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

EAST

Canon Mt., N.H.: Trails good, slopes excellent. All lifts operated. Bill Woods of Waterbury Vt. and Patsy Walker of La Grande Ore were winners in slalom of national junior championships held over icy course on Zoomer Trail. Danahill race on Cannon and Boston's Cut-off won by Joan Hanseth of Frisco, N.H., and Dave Gotsch of Chino, Cal. Renee Cox of Port Leyden, N.Y., and Gotsch took alpine titles. Winner of cross-country race was Robert Gray, Southbury, Conn. Bill Brandenburg of McCulloch, Idaho was jump winner on new Cannon Mt. 40-meter hill. Alan Lamson of Northfield, Vt. took aerobics contest and David Butts of McCulloch, Idaho took Skierama title. Best among younger performers were Lars Werner, 15, brother of Olympians Bode and Koster Werner, with a third in alpine combined; Jimmy Huggs, 12, of Tahoe City, Calif. with fourth in combined; and Elena Baskovone, 11, of Denver with eighth in girls' combined. LS 1 to 25, TS 1 to 49, TW 5 to 42, 2,500, CW 2,350.

Eastern Slope Region, N.H.: At Cannon, weekend snow gave area excellent skiing with Hansen Schneider Trail best. Waiting lists on popular Plover lift ran up to 10 minutes. LS 11 to 27, TW 3, CD 2,500, CW 11,600. On Thorn Mt., Big Birch had deep powder. LS 6 to 24, TW 2, CW 300. On Hilar, skiing good. LS 24, TS 21, TW 2, CD 500, CW 1,400. At Intervale, string good. LS 11 to 24, CW 700.

Mt. Senapee, N.H.: Excellent skiing with some corn snow. LS 16, TS 20, CD 300, CW 2,700. **Stowe, Vt.:** Weekend snow, patched trails, brought good-to-excellent skiing with conditions on Main Street Trail the best of year. Upper New Line good. Middlefield 1 bar closed Sunday due to mechanical failure. LS 32, TS 46, TD 2, TW 4, CD 1,500, CW 3,200.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Ten-mile weekend snow brought good skiing on all trails. Junior Bailey of Middlebury took U.S.A.A. slalom and combined titles. LS 7 to 25, TS 7 to 25, TD 2, TW 13, CD 1,000, CW 3,600.

Jimmy Peak, Maine: Skiing excellent during weekend, all slopes well covered. Roads to area good. LS 6 to 10, US 8 to 15, TW 2, TD 3, CD 300, CW 700.

Lake Placid, N.Y.: Skiers have started climbing Mt. Marcy and the Adirondack, whose good parking is expected until end of May. Tom Lefebvre took state giant slalom on Rink Rock Trail at Mount Jo. Night skiing held Wednes-

day at Old MacDonald's. Other areas open daily. LS 10 to 24, TS 30 to 48, CD 1,500, CW 3,000.

Sullivan, N.Y.: Thompson's excellent. Other trails good. US 7 to 19, TS 7 to 19, CW 2,500. **Mt. Tremblant, Que.:** Wet snow covered icy spots, brought good skiing last weekend. LS 21, TS 32, TD 3, TW 6, CD 2,500, CW 7,000.

La Chapelle, Que.: Loose granular over hard base. Skiing generally good last weekend. LS 25, TS 30, TD 3, TW 0, CD 1,500, CW 2,500.

MIDWEST

Bayne Mt., Mich.: Aurora Bowl had corn snow last weekend. Ross Hahn of Traverse City won state alpine championship. LS 6 to 9, TS 7 to 11, TD 0, TW 0, CD 100, CW 400.

Caberline, Mich.: Mid-week thaw softened icy slopes, opened entire area for skiing. LS 10, TS 7, TD 0, CD 200, CW 2,000.

Rob Mt., Wis.: Weekend thaw caused area to close for lack of cover.

Mt. Telemark, Wis.: Skiing excellent. LS 15, TS 2 to 15, CW 1,500.

Tarry Peak, S. Dak.: Warm weather has closed line here. LS 12, TS 13, TD 2, TW 1, CD 100, CW 300.

WEST

Brighton, Utah: Skiing good to excellent. Some wind exist. Best powder on Millcreek and Majestic. Attendance at area has nearly doubled over last year. LS 37, TS 117, TD 3, TW 0, CD 2,500, CW 1,000.

Alta, Utah: All major runs well packed down. LS 126, TS 132, TD 12, TW 0, CD 2,000, CW 2,500.

Sun Valley, Idaho: Week-long snow, barriers kept area in top condition. Six hundred students set new seven-day ski school record. Reservations booked solid two weeks ahead. On Mt. Baldy US 92 Roundhouse 75, 6m Dollar 52, valley floor 41, TD 19, TW 8.

Big Mountain, Mont.: Consistent snow flurries and wind drifts during week made daily plowing necessary on access roads. Some wind crust on upper slopes. LS 35 to 42, TS 32 to 853, TD 10, TW 2, CD 300, CW 600.

Snow King, Wyo.: Skiing good. Snow and wind have rained slides on access roads, but daily plowing has kept area reachable. LS 32 to 46, US 46 to 52, TD 4, TW 4, CD 200, CW 250.

Santa Fe, N.M.: Skiing fair, all trails open but

base is thinning. LS 20 to 21, TS 24, TD 0, TW 0, CD 900, CW 300.

Taco, N.M.: Lift closed, but skiers being taken to upper mountain by snow cat. Lodge serving meals on weekends. LS 60, TS 80, TW 0, CD 50, CW 100.

Winter Park, Colo.: Skiing good to excellent. R.R.M.A. giant slalom held next week. LS 36 to 52, TS 32 to 54, CD 1,500, CW 3,000.

Aspen, Colo.: Best powder conditions of year in Kenesaw glades. LS 32, TS 36, TD 10, TW 0, CD 25, CW 1,200.

Aspen, Colo.: Skiing excellent. Annee Beem and Hurricane Basin being skied in groups. Bernadette Shurtz and pedal pushers were after-school war in the village last week. LS 30 to 35, TS 65 to 73, TD 0, CD 150, CW 600.

FAIR WEATHER

Mt. Rushmore, Calif.: Storms turned snow to corn on Tiernan Mt., and slopes shied parkas for first spring skiing. Sightseers run as high as 4,000 a weekend here. US 0, TS 0 to 14, TD 0, TW 0, CD 500, CW 100.

Dodge Ridge, Calif.: Excellent skiing. Carrol's Canyon of Snow closed as area festival weekend. LS 6, TW 2, CD 1,200, CW 1,100.

Big Bear Lake, Calif.: All runs open, but some bare spots showing. Snow Summit has moved pipe tow to back at top of Log Cabin. Metro Five was being used effectively to offset wet conditions. LS 4, TS 15, TD 6, TW 0, CD 200, CW 1,200.

Yosemite, Calif.: Skiing excellent. Northern Californians train back Southern Californians in first sectional meet. LS 87, TS 140, TD 8, TW 0, CD 1,900, CW 1,100.

Squaw Valley, Calif.: Fifth Avenue, Third Road and Mammoth Meadows well packed. Unpacked trails were heavy going. LS 16, TS 22, TD 3, TW 0, CD 650, CW 2,000. CL—Head wall.

Mt. Hood, Ore.: At Timberline, all facilities closed after heaviest storm in six years buried both chairlifts. At Govt. Camp, skiing impeded by snow drifts and wind crust last weekend. At Multnomah and Snow Bowl, skiing fair.

Mt. Baker, Wash.: Lifts operating in spite of extremely heavy snowfall. Chase, Heather and all trails on north Panorama Drape closed due to avalanche hazard. LS 340, TD 70, TW 18, CW 500.

Mt. Rainier, Wash.: Storm closed road to Paradise Valley. TS 35, TS 270, TD 34, TW 35.

Heavenly, Wash.: Skiing excellent in spite of heavy snow. All trails open. LS 180 to 185, TD 10 to 15, TW 20 to 25, CD 150, CW 4,500.

Stevens Pass, Wash.: Heavy storm raised slides. Roads closed for indefinite period.

Grouse Mt., B.C.: Heavy snow forced cars to park at 511. Royal Skiers using area shuttle buses to reach lift. More than a thousand skiers received badges at the free ski school ceremonies. LS 100 to 132, TS 130 to 190, TD 40, TW 8, CD 50, CW 1,800.

WITH SKIING IN MIDSEASON, COACH
PFEIFER POINTS OUT PARTS OF YOUR
EQUIPMENT THAT MAY NEED A
QUICK FIX BEFORE TROUBLE SETS IN



FRIEDL PFEIFER

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFEIFER
Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

Midseason is the time when things happen to equipment. Laces break, straps part in the middle, and edges break off at the slightest provocation. A quick check of all your equipment is in order.

First, check all ski edges. They are a frequent source of trouble. Probably several screws need tightening and chanes are one or two will be missing.

Second, give the edges a real filing. You will be surprised how that will improve your control. File all edges lengthwise along the ski on both flat and narrow sides, striving for a square-cornered edge. Then file the

narrow edge at right angles to the ski, drawing only toward the bottom of the ski.

Poles are a second source of midseason trouble. The devices which attach the ring to the bottom of the pole often wear through.

The ski bottom itself should be reacquainted in order to cover bare spots and resist the moisture that attacks the laminations. Give the bottoms a rubdown with steel wool and apply several thin coats of lacquer.

Next, the bindings. Replace worn straps and any spring that is overstretched. Make

sure that your cable guides and toe irons haven't worked loose. On safety bindings, make sure that dirt and snow have not locked the working parts.

Early spring is the time when your boots get spongy unless you renew the water repellent. Shoe polish applied overall and worked well into the seams is best. Ordinary boot grease softens the leather too much. Check your laces for wear-resistance. Old, soggy laces will wet the whole boot.

These few things will improve your chances 100% for trouble-free skiing the rest of the season.



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MANO A MANO

continued from page 21

for the slow, graceful cloth. The crowd's *ole* came in short, explosive bursts. Luis Miguel took the bull four times again on the left side, then eight on the right side and then dropped to both knees for three breathtaking passes (*volietes*) in which he three times drew the bull completely around him. By now the crowd was screaming, "Maestro! Maestro!"

Like all the rest in Maracay that day, Luis Miguel remembered Manolete. He rested his bull a few seconds, then called it through a set of six decorative and dangerous passes developed by Manolete himself. In it (the *manolete*) the bullfighter stands in front of his own *muleta* in high good faith that the bull will keep its eye on the *muleta* and not on the exposed body of the bullfighter.

Then Luis Miguel killed. His final pass had squared the bull off, brought its feet together so that the shoulder bones on top were apart. Luis Miguel sighted down his sword, went upon his toes and moved in directly over the horns to thrust in the sword halfway to its hilt. Manolete had been in just such a position, over the horns, when the dying Miura bull Islero hooked upward suddenly and eviscerated his enemy. But now it was only Castaflo who died.

The crowd roared approval. Hats and coats came flying into the ring in

tribute. From the judge's box came permission to cut two ears off the dead bull and to parade twice around the ring, taking the applause of the crowd.

Then it was time for Girón's first bull, a black named Indiano. Now and then it seemed that Girón might match the heights of Luis Miguel. He received ovations for a chanting, side-to-side, swinging march in which he led the bull away from the mounted picador, for a pair of well-placed *banderillas* and for a series of pendulum passes with the *muleta*, swinging it to take the bull first across his chest, then across his back. But he was booted for a prolonged series of awkward testing passes and for a grotesque kill. He drove his sword into the base of the bull's neck and out its side. Desperately trying to retrieve his sword, he chased the dying, retreating bull this way and that, until suddenly Luis Miguel, nearer and more opportune, rushed to his aid, pulled out the sword and handed it to Girón.

Girón was hardly happy—but the thanks he offered Luis Miguel were genuine. Dominguín had saved him from what might have been a prolonged and ludicrous situation. It was a friendly act.

Dominguín came to his second bull, a black named Saleroso, determined to show Girón once and for all who was best. With the *muleta* he took the bull six times by his right side, six times by

the left, then six times more on the left. The bull, which had been charging straight, began to hook with his left horn. Luis Miguel ignored it and went into a series of ornamental *moletines*, his body forward of the cloth *muleta*.

It was on the fourth that the ghost of Manolete himself suddenly darkened the sun. In the blink of an eye the bull hooked Luis Miguel under a leg and sent him pinwheeling into the air in what bullfight fans call the church-bell turn. He was still in the sky when the bull's horns reached him a second time, ripping his pants and opening a long and bloody scratch across his belly. For just a moment, it was 1947, and Linares. Horses shouts and screams rose from the seats. "The bull has him!" men cried. "He's had it!" Women shrieked, "Take him out! Take him out of there! He's hurt!"

GRACE IN THE AFTERNOON

In the ring Luis Miguel had hardly hit the ground when his brother Dominguito, in civilian clothes, and Girón were with him, Girón to take the bull away in a series of fast passes, Dominguito to help his brother up. Hurt and dazed by the bull's blows and the heavy fall on head and shoulders, Luis Miguel climbed to his feet furiously angry. He was screaming himself—"Out, everybody, out of the ring! Give me the *muleta* and get out."

His tattered clothes flapping about him, staggering a little, Luis Miguel went back to his bull. He passed him three times more, and killed him. Then he limped off to the infirmary for examination and rest.

The bullfight went on. Girón killed a stubborn, uncooperative bull and returned to the alleyway cursing the bull and cursing the crowd which refused to understand his problems. Wearing white trousers borrowed from a bullring attendant, Luis Miguel killed his third bull. Girón paced the alleyway, paying very little attention. His afternoon seemed lost. Dominguín had won two ears, endless ovations and, through his accident, the sympathy of the crowd. Despite skillful bullfighting, Girón had won little applause and large boos.

Suddenly Bellotero, his last bull of the afternoon, roared into the ring. At the sight of him, Girón's eyes began to sparkle. The bull was aggressive, full of fight and it charged straight. Here was opportunity. Transformed, radiating confidence and grace, César Girón went out to meet it.

It was then that I saw something



about Girón that was not apparent in his corridos in Mexico. He is still, basically, the methodical dominator of bulls, following one mechanically skillful pass with another in foreordained order. But there is a good deal of the angels in his soul too. When he catches fire, as he never has in a Mexican plaza, he runs his bulls with passion.

And now he was afire in Maracay. He pulled the crowd out of their seats with the first slow, stately *verónica* and held them there, exploding *oies*, as he passed the bull four times more. Saving the bull's strength for his *muleta*, he would permit only two lances by the picadors.

He opened his *muleta* work with three magnificent passes, drawing the bull head and horns high. He switched the cloth and took the bull past seven times left-handed, then took him five more times on the right in one set, then moved the bull to another part of the arena and took him by five times more. Now the crowd was chanting, "Heee-ron! Heee-ron! Heee-ron!" Girón stopped and looked up at them with a small boy's grin.

Now everything was working for him. He dropped to his knees and passed the bull in six head-high rushes. Hats, coats, women's shoes were being tossed into the ring and—as of that moment—he had won two ears and a tail.

But his kill flawed it. Twice he went in over the horns and twice his sword hit bone and failed to sink into the bull. On the third try he succeeded.

From the judge's box came the verdict: one ear. Girón, riding the shoulders of the crowd, stared up at the judge in angry disbelief. Then he slid down, disappeared momentarily into the crowd, and a moment later was lifted triumphantly aloft again shaking what he believed to be his due: both ears and the tail. He lifted one finger, the bullfighter's traditional boast of, "I am Number One," and shook it at the judge's box.

Some were shouting, "Not the tail, not the tail," but most did not care. It had been a great afternoon. Dominguin and Girón were both Number One.

A couple of hours after they were carried triumphantly from the plaza I met Girón at a lakeside resort. He was drinking Coca-Cola. He said: "It was a great afternoon. Dominguin was superb and I was superb."

Not far away Luis Miguel nursed his wounds. He was drinking an excellent wine. He said: "It was a great corrida. Girón was great and I was great." I agree. I must agree. (END)



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CHICKENS IN THE ROUGH

by JOHN O'REILLY

A TRUE GAMECOCK is a perfect fighting machine. Back of him are centuries of breeding which have preserved his gameness, his lightning quickness and his ability to strike with power far beyond what might be suspected in a chicken. His plumage glistens with a radiance unknown among his cousins of the barnyard. When conditioned for the pit his endurance is mighty. In his prime he is the spirit of arrogance and in combat the only thing that stops him is death.

These traits, embodied in this descendant of the wild Asiatic jungle fowl, are why cockfighting is still one of the world's most widespread sports. Scenes such as those in the photographs on the following pages, taken at a Puerto Rican cockpit, are duplicated with variations in Europe, Asia and North and South America.

To many outside the cockfighting fraternity it is not a sport at all but a cruel pastime which should be stamped out. In this country almost every state has laws against it. At the same time its presence in almost every state makes it one of the most thriving illegal sports in the U.S.

To most people in the U.S. cockfighting is like a summer breeze. It is all around them but they never see it. Once in a while they hear a rumble when the authorities raid a cockpit and haul the chicken fighters and their birds off to court. The usual result is that the game cocks are seized and their owners fined. The latter shrug their shoulders with the attitude of an oppressed minority and look for a safer place to hold their fights.

Despite its illegality, members of the fraternity know that in this country their sport is experiencing a boom. Cockfighting has several successful "trade" magazines (among them *The Gamecock* and *Grill and Steel*) which openly advertise forthcoming tournaments. Mains and cockfights are being held in barns and cockpits over most of the nation. At a recent tournament

in Florida 128 hattles were staged over a four-day period to decide the ownership of \$11,000. This purse, of course, was in addition to the pitside betting.

Cockfighters take a deep pride not only in the gameness and prowess of their birds but in their lineage. There are strains which have been handed down through generations in this country; among them are such great families as the Allen Roundheads, the Shelton Roundheads and the Claretts.

The breeding, rearing and fighting of



BETTERS SHOUT ENCOURAGEMENT TO BIRDS

gamecocks is as complicated as the racing of Thoroughbreds. Given a successful breeding program it is still a long way from the shell to the pit. Most game chickens are raised by hens, the fraternity feeling generally that a natural upbringing is best. Once the young males, called stags, begin to reach maturity all tarnation breaks loose. One day a man will have a yardful of stags which have lived peacefully together all their lives. The next morning he will find them fighting all over the place. At this point they are separated and from then on their only contact with other males will be in sparring bouts with boxing gloves, called muffs, or in deadly combat in the pit.

The most important phase in preparing a cock for battle is the conditioning or "keep" period. Standing before a padded table, the feeder, as the

conditioner is called, tosses the cock into the air to exercise his wing muscles and cross-walks him by pushing him back and forth across the table. This exercise is increased each day until the cock is tossed into the air as many as 50 times. Meanwhile a most elaborate feeding program is in force, including such items as chopped beef, cooked grain and chopped nuts.

If all goes well the cock arrives at the pit bursting with energy and crowing almost incessantly. He is matched against another cock within two ounces of his weight for a specified wager. A short time before the fight the handlers are told to heel up.

In this country the weapons with which cocks are heeled are gaffs—round, curving, steel needles which are fastened over the natural spurs by means of leathers and waxed string. In Puerto Rico they often use artificial spurs glued over the stubs of the natural ones.

At a call from the referee the two handlers march into the pit, each holding his bird in the crook of his arm. The cocks are heeled, held close enough so they can peck and become aware of the presence of an adversary.

"Pit your cocks!" shouts the referee. The handlers liberate their birds some 20 feet apart. The cocks meet six feet above the ground in a blur of wings and flashing steel. They come to earth and each gets a headhold. They go into a long shuffle, legs pumping. Suddenly they become entangled and the referee shouts, "Handle!" The handlers grab up their birds, nursing and resting them until the referee shouts, "Pit!" Again handlers drop their birds and again the blur of wings and legs is so fast that a novice cannot detect the telling blows.

But as the fight progresses the odds shouted out by the crowd change swiftly. Suddenly, in the midst of an exchange of blows, one bird drops dead. The victor stands beside his fallen foe and emits the short, challenging crow of the gamecock.

Often, though, the victor hardly gets time to crow. The handlers pick up the winner and the loser and leave the pit. Bets are paid off and the crowd turns its eyes to a fresh pair of cocks being brought into the pit by another pair of handlers.

It has been this way, with minor variations, since before man began to record his history. **END**

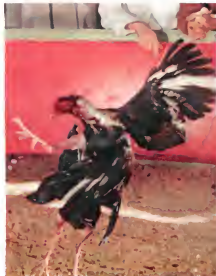
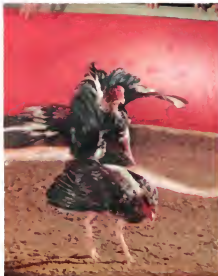


WHITE GAMECOCK, LEAPING OVER A PARTIALLY DEFEATHERED ADVERSARY, DRIVES PLASTIC GAFF DOWN, INTO BACK OF HIS FOE'S HEAD



ROUND FOR ROUND the ravagery and fury shown by the fighting cock is seldom paralleled. Deplumed around the legs and flanks, cropped of comb and hackles, the cocks are fitted with long plastic gaffs over the stumps of natural spurs and turned

loose in arenas, such as this one outside San Juan, Puerto Rico, to do what comes naturally. The primary offensive tactic is a flushing, wing-beating leap into the air, from which vantage point the gamecock strikes so swiftly the human eye can hardly follow.





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From State

LET JUSTICE BE TEMPERED WITH MERCY
Sirs:

The sometimes sanctimonious men who comprise the Executive Committee of the AAU have crassly stamped Miller Wes Santee with the tag "professional" (E & D, Feb. 27, March 5). The punishment: exile for life. And all SI can say is amen.

By its own interpretation of an amateur, "one who engages in sport for pleasure, and for the physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation," can this committee, in conscience, refuse Santee's motive for running? Is there a market for professional track men? Santee is certainly our best at the mile; then why no clamor for his services at \$50,000 or \$100,000 per year?

Wes Santee has been imprudent in many of his past actions. There seems to be no doubt that he lacked discretion in accepting too much money to defray expenses in the meets in question and that a just punishment is merited. But banishment for life? Justice should be tempered with mercy, wisdom and a cognizance of the case history of the perpetrator.

The decision of the Executive Committee certainly can't be construed as in the best interests of amateur sport. Wes Santee has been a good friend to American track. The tragedy of contemporary American sport is that we have too few with the hearty blood of Wes Santee. Men willing to sacrifice through thankless years of unremitting toil toward self-improvement that is measured in such a minimal thing as a second, or even a fraction of a second. . . .

I eagerly await news of the promoters "not at the moment under attack" in the Santee case. What delays the attack? Surely the evidence against Santee is evidence against them. Should their sentence be any less severe than Santee's?

The ambivalence with which the AAU judges amateurism is truly ambiguous. They are repudiated by Santee, while smiling benignly at the basketballers who perform in both their national tourney and the Olympics. Here are found men paid by summer resorts while being groomed for college competition, propped through college, and "kept," in spirit if not by the

letter of amateur law, after college days by industrial corporations, ostensibly as employees. . . .

Omaha

THE REAL VILLAINS

Sirs:

I thoroughly agree with you that the promoters are the real villains in the Wes Santee-AAU dispute. Track and field events, in the guise of "relays" and "carnivals," have become big business. The moment such an event is sponsored by a commercial organization, it ceases to be a true amateur event. Naturally the promoters of those meets need and want the best athletes to make it a commercial success and they'll get them any way they can.

The AAU is most certainly a bumbling, crippled kind of thing and is much to blame for allowing the promoters to have taken over in track and field. But with Wes Santee, an arrogant and rather untalented athlete who has gotten the publicity breaks, they have made a beginning towards re-defining amateur sports and enforcing that definition. Move power to them.

L. R. CASSEL,

Manhasset, N.Y.

MORE BRUNDAGES

Sirs:

I will agree with you that the AAU's attempts to ban Wes Santee, our best mile, from amateur competition are fair only when I see this jellyfish of an enforcing body follow up with similar rulings against other athletes and the king pins in the sports events promotion business.

Some of the AAU officials whereabouts are connected with sporting goods manufacturers and retail people. In other words, they make their living from sports. I think that is fully as incongruous as Wes Santee's expense account.

What we need is a vigorous, alert body of uncompromising men to supervise and encourage athletics for college students and other amateurs. What this country needs is a dozen Avery Brundages and Kencaw Mountain Landies!

MORTON G. G. MILLER
Los Angeles

HIGH PRIEST OF SENTIMENT?

Sirs:

... I wonder if the problems of U.S. amateurism do not begin with Brundage's boyhood dream of sport for sport's sake. Obviously no one can object to this. But is this really the point? On the committee which banned Santee are such men as Dan Ferris, Lyman Bingham, Bob Kipphut. All these are men of integrity and honor, but none of them, by the faintest stretch of the imagination, can be called an amateur.

Each of them uses amateur athletics to earn his living. As such, I think, each of them should automatically be banned from any judgment body deciding whether any other man is an amateur—or is profit permitted from amateur athletics so long as it is restricted to nonparticipants?

The problem the AAU has to face is that what is supposedly amateur is not amateur in fact, at all. This then leaves to the discretion of certain high priests of amateurism judgment on the actions of athletes who are involved in commercial meets. So long as Mr. Brundage, with his sentimental views, pleasant and resounding as they may be, prevails as the court of last resort, none of his lesser officials is apt to make much sense—largely because they are trying to apply Brundage's standards to a set of actions that neither they nor anyone else believes really exists.

... I think we who believe that there is not too much evil in capitalism and profit might well consider whether Mr. Brundage himself is properly defending our position in casting such a cold eye on profit.

ROBERT A. DOYLE
New York

● The decision was made by the executive board of the AAU, of which Lyman Bingham is not a member. Only three of 15 board members who ruled on Santee have a professional connection with athletics: Dan Ferris is the AAU's salaried secretary-treasurer, Bob Kipphut is professor of Physical Education at Yale and Larry Houston is engaged in the administration of high school sports in California.—ED.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



LET THE COUNTRY SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING

Sirs:

Whoever wrote your editorials concerning We-Santee missed the boat completely. If that AAU committee was so all-fired good why did they ban two small-time meet promoters and let the big ones go? ...

The AAU has become too big for its britches.

FRANCIS B. HARVEY
Santa Monica, Calif.

HOW TO PROTECT AMATEUR STATUS

Sirs:

... It is very unlikely that an adult can acquire athletic skill of the quality that makes him well known in the sports world without expenditure of money. Who supplies this money, in what amounts and how it is spent and who gets it appear to have quite a bearing on whether the athlete is considered a professional or an amateur.

The money can come from an interested government or an interested father as well as numerous other sources. But it does take money to develop skill and it takes money to display it. More than anything it takes time, lots of it. That limits the ability to make money in anything else.

... Only those of professional skill are over the subject of amateur controversy. Ironically it would seem that the best protection an amateur has is to keep his proficiency under control.

JAMES R. LOVE
Peoria, Ill.

OLYMPIC BASKETBALL SQUAD

Sirs:

I liked the article *The Tournament* by Roy Terrell (SI, Feb. 29). Reading about the team to be sent to Melbourne, I thought of my 14 players who could win here and in Melbourne. I would like Roy to name his 14 players. Here are my 14 best: First

team: Lennie Rosenbluth (North Carolina), Ronnie Shaylik (North Carolina State), Bill Russell (San Francisco), Si Green (Duquesne), Hot Rod Hundley (West Virginia). Second team: Tom Heinsohn (Holy Cross), Bob Barrow (Kentucky), Dick O'Neal (TCU), Darrell Floyd (Furman), Robin Freeman (Ohio State). And my last four, Willie Naulls (UCLA), Joe Capua (Wyoming), Lowell Davis (Wake Forest), and last, but not least, Big Bill Uhl (Dayton).

GARY B. DEER
Durham, N.C.

• Terrell's own first five would be Bill Russell (San Francisco), Tom Heinsohn (Holy Cross), Lennie Rosenbluth (North Carolina), Si Green (Duquesne) and Robin Freeman (Ohio State). To fill out his squad of 14, he would give serious consideration to Shaylik, Naulls, O'Neal, Floyd, Hundley, Uhl, Barrow and Capua, but also keep an eye on K. C. Jones (San Francisco), Temple Tucker (Rice), Julius McCoy (Michigan State), Joe Holup (George Washington), Charles Tyra (Louisville), Paul Judson and Bill Rutley (Illinois), Don Boldenback (Houston), Jerry Harper and George Lann (Alabama), Terry Tebbes (Brigham Young), Joe Tebo (Brown) and Chuck Rolles (Cornell).

Actually the Olympic team will be selected in this manner: the 14 All-Stars will meet the AAU champion and runner-up teams and the Armed Services champions in a four-team round-robin Olympic Trial in Kansas City, April 2-4. The team winning this tournament will supply not less than five and not more than seven players for the 12-man Olympic basketball team; the other three teams in the tournament supply the rest of the squad members.—ED.

FID FACTS

Sirs:

Fry, Fie, Fid! *Boots and Brouse* (SI, Feb. 6) was a grand article but a fid is a short bar or large spike which passes through a hole in the head of a topriser or bowsprit to hold it in position.

Your caption defined a marlinespike, which is a similarly pointed instrument but which is used for pinning up the strands of a rope and for tightening or loosening the jaws of shackles.

Let's not further confuse an already confusing glossary. ...

W.H. G. AMBROSE
Orange, N.J.

• Although the fid may at one time have been used to secure topriser or bowsprit, those were days beyond even the recall of its manufacturer, Merriman Brothers of Boston, who define the fid or hollow spike as used to open strands of line for splicing.—ED.

DISTAFF GOLFER

Sirs:

In response to Mr. Wind's plaint (SI, Feb. 27), I've rented a few terms for professional golfers, distaff 15 po. Perhaps one of these will suit him to a tee:

Gulfer

Golfress

Golfrix

Gulfer pro fem.

W. R. ANDERSON
Chicago

• Nominations, please.—ED.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

Sirs:

Surely your quota of bird-watcher pages must now be filled for 1956. It's getting so I avert my eyes at the sight of a bird.

Your allotment of one bird page in 15 golf pages cannot represent the actual ratio of participants, for I surely would have met an honest-to-goodness cart-carrying bird watcher sometime during my lifetime. I never have.

Your first bird article, I mistakenly thought, was a shy elbow in the ribs of a tiny minority of zealots. Now after three major articles since fall, the horrible realization sinks in—My God! SI is serious!

Well anyway, the pictures are good!
M. E. HELLMAN

Seattle

THE PRICE OF ADMISSION

Sirs:

In view of the fact that some have expressed dissatisfaction, or at least amazement, that you have covered such items as bird watching and a few of the other more genteel sports, I wish to take this opportunity to express my complete satisfaction with your magazine. I might add that the vast majority of my friends who are sportsmen, or who are interested in sports, have spoken enthusiastically about the marvelous coverage you have provided in the field of natural history and animal life.

Personally, I hope there never comes a time when you do not continue to furnish the wonderful portfolio of pictures of natural wildlife. These alone are worth the price of admission.

GORDON W. THOMPSON, M.D.
Loma Linda, Calif.



"Didn't I predict a knockout?"

A NATIVE'S OPINION

Sir:

At risk of being the only out-poken critic of Connie Mack (SI, Feb. 20) please let a native Philadelphian submit his opinion:

Mack's service to baseball ended with his playing days. He invariably sold his best players to build a personal fortune as typified by the cash sale of the "\$100,000 infield." His fiscal policy was one of those most changed by the minimum-pay agreement for players.

Make what you want of the nine pennants, but also remember that his teams finished in the second division 28 times in those 30 years and 17 of them in the league cellar. In fact, in his last 16 years as manager, his teams finished out of the cellar only six times. These are the years our young people remember. They don't joyfully remember the sight of Connie waving his score card—they are plagued with the thoughts that during that period the A's lost 100 games or more in five different baseball seasons.

The conclusion I draw is that as a manager he was a flop most of those 30 years and was completely outclassed by many managers who dropped into obscurity because they didn't own the club.

For as long as I can remember the record of the Athletics was so pathetic that most fans hoped for a divorce of the baseball club and the Mack family; and when that did not develop and the franchise was moved to Kansas City, just about the only people who were interested and deplored the situation were the sportswriters and sport-casters, who can no longer spend almost all the summer at Shibe Park.

C. ARTHUR BARTH

Philadelphia

PIIONEERS OF THE CRAWL

Sir:

Please permit me to call to your attention a rather gross error in the article *Yair Charns on the Waterworks* by Alfred Wright (SI, Jan. 23).

Mr. Wright states that the American crawl stroke with six beats was developed by Duke Kahanamoku and Johnny Weissmuller. The Duke's era was 1912 and Weissmuller's several years after that.

According to Matt Mann's book of swimming, the American Red Cross book of swimming and the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, as well as Bob Kipphut himself, it was I who developed the six-beat crawl stroke as used today. In 1905, some seven years earlier than Kahanamoku and 14 years before Weissmuller.

This letter is in no way a criticism of SI which I read each week with great interest and enjoyment.

CHARLES M. DANIELS

Carmel, Calif.

• SI did not mean to credit Johnny Weissmuller and Duke Kahanamoku with the "development" of the modern crawl stroke. When Wright said "... swimming had come a long piece since the Duke and Weissmuller speeded up the old Australian crawl by kicking six to the arm beat," he had no intention of slighting Mr. Daniels, whom Bob Kipphut calls "one of the first great American sprinters to use the six-beat crawl."—ED.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC



PAT ON THE BACK

THE MILLERS AND FUTURE OLYMPIANS

From the collection of more than 80 trophies, medals and ribbons crowding their living room in LaGrange, Mo. it would appear that the motto of the John (Tike) Miller family would be "sweet are the fruits of victory." And indeed the five Millers have won their share: Tike, 37, while competing in wrestling, baseball, tennis and bowling; Mrs. Miller as a horsewoman and riflshot; Jock, 15, tennis, wrestling and boxing; Gay, 13, tennis and table tennis; Tod, 11, swimming and diving.

But Tike Miller is interested in far more than mere family medal-winning: he is anxious for all American youngsters to have the healthy competitive experience of taking part in organized athletics. To encourage boys and girls to do just this, whether they win or not, Miller has organized at LaGrange the Future Olympic Champions of the United States (FOCUS), an outfit designed to encourage sports-mindedness in the youth of America and to recognize their achievements. To any youngster who engages in competitive athletics (and whose participation is attested by a coach, athletic director or playground supervisor) the organization will supply, at a price of 25¢, one of the metal-plated plastic figures at the right, with the participant's name and sport inscribed under the legend "Future Olympic Champion." Profits, if any, on the sale of the figures will go to a worthy cause—the U.S. Olympic Fund.



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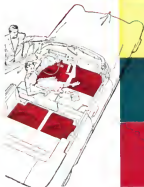
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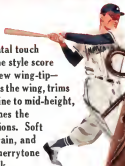
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